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Literature

Mr. Woodberry's "Centenary" Shelley *

SOME FAMES, like some sunsets, grow brighter the deeper the sun sinks in the horizon, throwing up as from a sunken volcano long flickering radiations wrought with a beautiful vividness on the sky. Such resurrections, phantom-like as they seem, are not perishable, like the tottering architecture of color and mist spontaneously sprung from the dying caress of the sun: far from that, they show the imperishable nature of the soul to which such loving veneration is paid, its essential immortality. It is natural that Shelley's sunlike nature should find its newest and keenest appreciation in the West, that region where sinking suns are most at home. A hundred years have passed since the August of his birth, in 1792, and only seventy since he sank, with *Æschylus* and Keats' poems in his pocket, under the waters of the Gulf of Spezia; but what a revolution this century has wrought in men's views of the wilful, wayward, Ariel-like, brilliant creature that first dazzled and then angered it with its strange and lawless beauty! 'There is that d—d Atheist, Shelley,' was the muttered curse of the early decades of the century over the bright, implacable head—bright as the genius of Love, implacable as its counterpart. Now shrines and altars are daily rising to the accursed: *Ανυστορ Θεω* is no longer his epithet, and critics and commentators trail before him in long ceremonial robes, eager to interpret his words, glad of a glance, rejoicing in his mystic but lovely verse and anxious to placate the saint, once so cruelly stoned.

The definitive edition of Shelley before us is an honor to American scholarship and is more complete than any yet undertaken by the European editors. Prof. Woodberry has undertaken to ascertain and establish an authentic text for the ordinary reader, and to furnish the student with its sources, variations, and emendations, and to give the history of each poem in Notes. In this he has been greatly helped by Mrs. Shelley's MSS. and publications, Shelley's correspondence, the invaluable work of Dr. Garnett upon the MSS. at Boscombe, Rossetti's two editions, the rather too literal edition of Forman, and Dowden's labors among the juvenile poems, supplemented by the generous coöperation of Mr. C. W. Frederickson of Brooklyn, whose precious and almost complete Shelley library with its manuscripts was placed at his disposal. The Harvard MSS. have supplied variorum readings now first utilized in an edition of Shelley, and a number of poems not found in any English editions are included in the volumes. Besides all this a member of the Shelley family has assisted in the preparation of the work, which is adorned with a beautiful portrait after a chalk-drawing from the original lent by the present Lady Shelley.

The student thus has, in *varia*, foot-notes, contemporary correspondence, extracts from reminiscences, and a carefully printed and punctuated text (for Shelley, like Scott and Byron, could not punctuate)—all that he needs to put him on the track of the authentic Shelley, that weird,

wondersome conjurer of poems beautiful and bloodless as sea-anemones, but hitherto as hard to catch and fix as the mounting magnetic beams of the auroral light. So like, yet so unlike, his young contemporary Heine; so like, yet so unlike his Spanish predecessor Calderon; a *magico prodigioso* who wrought miracles on words, elicited from them flames and perfumes where others conjured up only smoke and lampblack, and crowded them with new music and unsuspected sweetness, like an Elizabethan.

Mr. Woodberry's excellent Memoir shows us the man just as he was, 'a natural being, subject to no more of eccentricity or disease than exists within the bounds of an ordinary healthy nature.' His arrangement of the poet's *œuvre* is not, as one might have desired, strictly chronological, but masses the larger works in the first two volumes and then presents the lyrics and fragments and new discoveries in the last two. The mass and variety of emendation on Shelley, a poet not yet a hundred years old, show us what must have been the task of the Alexandrian Grammarians in constructing the text of Homer.

Qu'as-tu fait pour mourir, Ô noble créature,
Belle image de Dieu, qui donnais en chemin
Au riche un peu de joie, au malheureux du pain ?

Theodore Child's "Praise of Paris" *

MANY EXCELLENT books have been written on the French capital, but we know of none better than 'The Praise of Paris,' by Mr. Theodore Child, and we all lament that it must be his last work. It is hard to say whether it will be most enjoyed by those who have been to Paris or those who can visit that siren of cities only in what Lowell pleasantly calls 'fireside travels'—no bad substitute for the actual touring when one can be 'personally conducted' by a man like Child. Perhaps, however, those to whom the book will be most welcome, because equally fascinating and suggestive, are the fortunate people who have seen Paris and expect to see it again. No matter how often they may have been there, how long they have stayed, nor how diligently they have explored the byways and out-of-the-way corners of the city no less than the beaten track of the average tourist, they cannot read any chapter of Mr. Child's book without getting seductive hints of fresh fields and pastures new within the area with which they flatter themselves that they are already thoroughly familiar. Everywhere they will be amazed that so much has escaped their scrutiny which is curious or characteristic. Everywhere they will find new light on the old and well-known features of Parisian life. Even dry details of early history, dull statistics of population, commerce, and the like, are illuminated as one would never believe they could be, and become no less picturesque than edifying.

Mr. Child's descriptions are exceedingly graphic. The Eiffel Tower is 'that monstrous plaything of humanity, that gigantic point of exclamation which progress set up at the entrance of the World's Fair in the centennial year of liberty.' A Frenchman might have written that, and our author had become so nearly a Frenchman, in his style at least, that he sometimes uses an English word as if it were the Gallic congener; as when he says that the buildings of different periods in the Ile de la Cité 'resume the development of French architecture from the time of Saint Louis to that of Napoleon III.' This sense of *resume* (the French *résumer*) is not recognized by the dictionaries, though the noun *résumé* has been half-naturalized in our language.

Notre Dame is admirably described, but we can hardly agree with Mr. Child that it is doubtful 'whether it has gained by being isolated, and whether it has not lost something of its imposing and severe character by being cleared of all the parasitical constructions, the narrow streets, the humble dwellings and quaint old shops and stalls that sought the shelter of its shadow in former times.' True, these surroundings were picturesque in themselves, but

* The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. The Text newly collated and revised and edited, with a Memoir and Notes. By G. E. Woodberry. Centenary Edition. 4 vols. 9s. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* In Praise of Paris. By Theodore Child. \$2.50. Harper & Bros.

they were none the less foul excrescences that had gathered about the venerable edifice, deforming and disgracing it; and few who remember it as it was thirty years ago, and who have seen it in recent years, standing apart like the noble and sacred thing it was meant to be, will fail to rejoice at the change.

If any chapters in this book are more delightful than the rest, those upon 'Society in Paris,' 'The Parisienne'—a most keen and subtle analysis of that consummate flower of feminine nature and art,—'The Boulevard' and 'The Comédie-Française' may claim pre-eminence; but there is not a dull page between the covers of the volume. The illustrations are every way worthy of the text, and the typographical execution is in keeping with both.

The Growth of English Industry *

THIS VOLUME is the second part of an elaborate work which recounts the history of English industry from early times. It opens with the reign of Elizabeth and comes down to the close of the free-trade struggle at the middle of the present century. It is not, like so many other economic histories, a mere catalogue of facts, but a philosophical work in which the causes of the facts and the bearings of national policy are carefully and rationally dealt with. The author's style, too, is far better than that of most economists, many of whom, especially in America, seem actually to cultivate a bad style; and we wish that our ambitious young writers would learn from this work how much more impressive, as well as interesting, an economical treatise is when written in a clear, chaste and fluent style with a true literary flavor.

Mr. Cunningham's work, as contained in this volume, is divided into three parts, treating successively of the Elizabethan age, the Stuarts, and the struggle with France. The last division seems to be somewhat inaptly named; for the commercial and political contest with France in the eighteenth, and at the beginning of the nineteenth, century was only the outward aspect of the life that Mr. Cunningham describes, and was economically of less importance than the internal developments during the same period. Mr. Cunningham, however, gives special attention to the political economical policy known as the mercantile system, the object of which, as he clearly shows, was not so much to increase the wealth of the people as to enhance the national power and influence in the affairs of the world. Most economists from the time of Adam Smith have held that the effect of that policy was almost wholly mischievous; but Mr. Cunningham contends that it was successful in attaining its real object, the enhancement of the national power, and that England's success in the struggle with Napoleon is proof of this. He seems, however, to overlook the fact that France pursued the same policy, and consequently that some other cause must have operated to secure England's success.

His work, however, is by no means confined to tracing the effects of the mercantile system, but is a complete account of English industrial history during the period that it covers. The progress of agriculture, manufactures and commerce is carefully sketched, the changes in fiscal and colonial policy are described, and special attention is given throughout to the condition of the poor. Nor has the author confined himself to the practical side of his subject, but has devoted several chapters to the progress of economic doctrine, and these chapters are among the most interesting in the book. The principal merit of Adam Smith, in Mr. Cunningham's opinion, consists in the fact that he was the first to isolate economic phenomena from the general subject of national life and political policy, thus enabling it to be treated much more clearly and intelligibly. The work of Mill, on the other hand, consisted in showing the true bearing of industry and of wealth on human welfare in general and in substituting a cosmopolitan ideal for the

merely national ideal of earlier times. The author's remarks on these topics, as well as on the various historic events that are passed in review, are well worthy of attention from all students of economic subjects, and, though there are some points in his discussion with which we cannot agree, we heartily commend his work not only to economists and practical statesmen, but also to all who are interested in the industrial progress of the world.

Dr. Storrs's "Bernard of Clairvaux" *

THE TENTH CENTURY of European life was one protracted horror of great darkness, moral, intellectual and physical. Added to this was 'a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation.' But when the thousand years from the birth or from the death of Jesus had fulfilled themselves, and yet the firmament cracked not, nor was the trumpet of Doom heard blaring throughout the regions of the quick and the dead, then men drew in a long breath of relief, and again their life had room for hope and purpose. Through this nadir of the Christian era passed, not simply whole, but strengthened and enlarged, two notable institutions—the hierarchy and monachism. The former, Gregory VII. had immeasurably exalted, as the realization of the perfect ideal of government, theocracy; the latter had renewed its spiritual energies in the cloister of Cluny. Out of monachism came the monk Bernard, stronger than the Pope Hilderbrand, for without the salt of righteousness cast thereon by Bernard of Clairvaux, Gregory's proud fabric would have rotted away from before the face of the sun. This Bernard—monk, ecstatic, statesman, theologian, preacher and poet—has been taken as the subject of a series of studies or lectures by the Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs. It is not a formal life of Bernard which he has written, though there is room for such, for there is no adequate biography of St. Bernard in the English language. Cotter Morrison is too far out of sympathy with the times and the man, and Lindsay's book is unsatisfactory and out of print. In German we have Ritchie's sketch which is fragmentary, and Neander's which is out of date, and Hüffer's which is recent; Erdmann, Noldeke and Harnack have contributed valuable studies which should be read with Dr. Storrs's volume.

The author is in love with his subject, the last of the fathers and the first of the schoolmen, the champion of conservative orthodoxy. Bernard was a thorough traditionalist. In the firmament of his intellect the two great luminaries were authority and tradition. By these lights the twelfth century walked. What made Bernard a power in his time, and for after centuries, was, most of all, the vital and vitalizing moral earnestness of the man. His effect upon the age was that of a moral regenerator. Yet it was not an intellectual splendor so much as his intense energy for righteousness which forced kings and councils and popes to bow assent to the arbitrament of a puny, sickly, emaciated monk. This key to the secret of Bernard's character is in Dr. Storrs's hands. But of Bernard's absolute sway of his world there was another cause which Dr. Storrs all but ignores, though more than all it gave Bernard the mastery of the populace, and therefore of the Empire and the hierarchy. We mean his miracle-working. It is enough that both he and those of his day firmly believed that no vision or prophecy or miracle whatsoever was withheld from him. Indeed, while yet he was alive, his canonization was a foregone conclusion. What a singular sensation, to be aware that one has only to die to be invoked as a minor deity! Bernard might have become Pope, but he preferred to be a maker of popes. He was content to set up a pope or an emperor, subjugate an Arnold or an Abelard, perform a few miracles—and then go home and grease his boots and count his pigs and wash the pots and pans of Clairvaux.

In theology Bernard was, as Harnack points out, 'Augustine *redivivus*,' only the monk emphasized the Neoplatonic elements of the Numidian Father. Our author has sympatheti-

* The Growth of English Industry and Commerce in Modern Times. By W. Cunningham. 84.50. Macmillan & Co.

* Bernard of Clairvaux: The Times, the Man and his Work. An Historical Study in Eight Lectures. By Richard S. Storrs. 82.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.

cally sketched the mysticism of Bernard and has shown its consistency with his devotion to the hierarchy. 'Of his theology, as of his heart, it might truly be said that its home was in the heavens.' While, as Noack in his 'Christliche Mystik' accurately enough states it, 'liberty is the starting-point of Bernard's mystical-contemplative view of life.' Yet his was a mysticism rather devout than speculative, akin closer to that of Thomas à Kempis than to that of Meister Eckehart. No wonder, then, that Bernard is not at all to the taste of Boyle, who scorns him and sneers at his zeal. If Bernard had his limitations they were not in preaching. Unwilling Europe he roused to Crusade, the results of which made sombre the last days of his 'exile from home.' Of Bernard, the preacher, Dr. Storrs, had made an excellent and most original study, and his final generalizations upon the relation of Bernard to European affairs are brilliant and judicious. Yet in this last chapter, as elsewhere, the lecture form has conditioned the author hostilely to the conciseness and 'completeness' which the word 'Study' promises. Of statecraft in its modern sense of diplomacy we do not clearly see that Bernard possessed one particle. In politics his one rule was—right. Sometimes his intuitions were disputable, but his absolute sincerity never. Like Savonarola, he felt that he was right because he only voiced the word of God. A higher, perfecter blossom than Bernard, ascetic theology probably never produced. The effect which he made upon the world is beyond calculation. Contrary to the case of most saints, Bernard is greater in history than in legend. No man was ever in closer, truer touch with his age, no man was ever a fuller and completer expression of his age. After generations forgot the rigid austerity and pitiless justice of Bernard in the remembrance of his utter self-abandonment to righteousness and of 'his dove-like eyes.' So in the highest regions of Paradise, in the Mystic Rose of the Elect Saints, whose centre is the eternal whirling fires of Deity, there where Dante expected to see his Beatrice, he found his guide 'An old man robed like the people in glory; his eyes and his cheeks were over-spread with benignant joy, in pious mien such as befits a tender father' ('quale a tenero padre si conviene'). Bernard died in 1153, and Dante wrote this about 1300. What Dante and the world then thought of Bernard's rank in the kingdom of the holy, we of this day still think. This again is uncommon of historic characters. But Bernard's passion for holiness has not yet ceased to inspire thoughts noble and fitting and an admiration uplifting like this of the Rev. Dr. Storrs.

"Prehistoric Peoples" and "The Oregon Trail"*

THE MARQUIS DE NADAILLAC, one of the most eminent of European archaeologists, is best known on this side of the Atlantic by his excellent work on 'Prehistoric America,' which has been justly termed 'the best book on the subject yet published.' The present volume resembles it in the qualities of accurate learning, impartial judgment, and clear description, while, by taking a wider scope, it presents to the reader a more complete and satisfactory view of the condition of all races of men during what is known as the 'Stone Age.' The author avoids the common error of supposing that this age of stone, when no metallic implements were known, must necessarily have been the earliest age of all existing races and tribes. It is evident that if a party of emigrants from a civilized country should be cast upon an island in which metals either did not exist or could not be found by their means of search, they or their descendants would soon sink into the barbarism of the stone period. This, in fact, is really not an 'age,' but simply a condition. Modern researches have led to the conclusion that the Polynesians and Australians, when they first became known to Europeans, had fallen into this condition through such a process of degradation; and in many other instances there is little

doubt that the barbarians who have been too hastily assumed by some writers to be fair representatives of 'primitive man' were in reality merely degenerate men. The remarkable fact on which the author dwells—that of the five ancient towns which, in successive layers, were brought to light by the excavations of Schliemann in the famous hill of His-sarlik, the inhabitants of the lower town, to which he gave the name of Troy, were decidedly more civilized than the populations of the three towns which succeeded them—has not yet been fully appreciated in its bearing on this subject.

The volume comprises, in orderly sequence, an account of the various theories of scholars relating to the Stone Age and its subdivisions, in different parts of the world, with descriptions of the customs and habits of the people; their methods of fishing, hunting, and navigation; their weapons, tools, pottery, clothing, and ornaments; their habitations, from the primitive caves and rock-shelters to the 'lake-dwellings' and 'cliff-houses'; their megalithic monuments; their industry and commerce; their methods of warfare, camps, and fortification; and, finally, their tombs and their widely varying sepulchral rites. All these descriptions, set forth in that lucid style of which the best French writers seem, since the time of Buffon, to have kept the mastery and the secret, are illustrated by numerous pictures, not of the 'fancy' order, but strictly accurate drawings or photographic reproductions of the scenes or objects described, which add much to the attraction of the work. The translator, who is well-known for her writings in various departments of art and science, has done her part very happily in rendering the French original into hardly less clear and idiomatic English. It is not, perhaps, necessary to qualify this last expression, even though she persists in employing the grating solecism 'different to'—since we know, on the high authority of Lowell, that this is one of the peculiar idioms which good society in England allows, though English scholars shake their heads at them, and good literature rejects them.

No better complement and companion volume to this pleasing book of the Marquis of Nadaillac could be found than the new edition of the first and, in some respects, most fascinating of the many delightful volumes of Francis Parkman—'The Oregon Trail.' In this charming narrative of youthful adventure we find a genuine 'prehistoric people'—a people of the Stone Age—brought vividly before us in all their traits and customs, their dwellings and domestic life, their weapons and their finery, their feasts and hunts, their wars and alliances, their worship and their funeral usages. These well-known descriptive passages reappear with a novel and heightened attraction, reinforced as they now are by the brilliant art of Frederic Remington, whose pictures, as the author justly remarks, 'are as full of truth as of spirit; for they are the work of one who knew the prairies and the mountains before irresistible commonplace subdued them.'

In re-perusing this narrative, and comparing it with the author's later works, we cannot but feel a certain wonder in noting how early the qualities which give these works their peculiar distinction came to their maturity. 'A youth just out of college,' as the author in one of his earlier prefaces describes himself, had already attained that mastery of language and that perfect literary tact which have been conspicuous in all his subsequent publications. The knowledge of Indian life and character which he gained in this adventurous trip has doubtless been of essential service in his later works. It might, however, be questioned whether this rather one-sided knowledge may not have brought some counterbalancing drawbacks. The author saw one of the least advanced of our Indian races, the Dakotas, and saw them under the most disadvantageous circumstances, at a period when, by the recent acquisition of firearms and horses, and by hostile encounters with reckless frontiersmen, they had been for the time inspired with a peculiar unruliness and ferocity. The effect upon his mind is apparent, and is, indeed, frankly expressed. He tells us that, 'for the most part, a civilized white man can discover very few points of sympathy between his own nature and that of an Indian.'

* 1. *Manners and Monuments of Prehistoric Peoples.* By the Marquis de Nadaillac. With 113 illustrations. Trans. by Nancy Bell (N. D'Anvers). 2. *O. P. Putnam's Sons.* 3. *The Oregon Trail.* By Francis Parkman. Illustrated by Frederic Remington. 4. Little, Brown & Co.

With every disposition to do justice to their good qualities, he must be conscious that an impassable gulf lies between him and his red brethren. Nay, so alien to himself do they appear that, after breathing the air of the prairies for a few months or weeks, he begins to look upon them as a troublesome and dangerous species of wild beast.' It is hardly necessary to say that, however it may have been with the author among the wild nomads of the prairies, other civilized white men have lived not merely for weeks or months, but for years, among other Indian communities, without discerning this impassable gulf, and without failing to perceive qualities of intellect and of heart which have gained their respect and admiration. One cannot but ascribe to this perhaps unfortunate experience of the distinguished author, of whose genius his countrymen are justly proud, a somewhat hard and unsympathetic quality in dealing with the so-called inferior races, which has deprived his works abroad of the hearty and general acceptance that has been accorded to our other great masters of narration, Cooper, Prescott and Irving. Needless to add that other gifts of the highest order, apparent in his earliest as in his latest volume, will, in his own country, and largely among scholars elsewhere, make his books a highly-prized 'possession forever.'

Mr. Glave "In Savage Africa" *

THE LAST OF THE literature of the Stanley expedition into Africa after Emin Bey is not yet in, for we have still another addition to the lengthening line of books from one of Stanley's pioneer officers. How interesting it would be if we could only have one or two realistic narratives from the black men in the expedition, who might write out a book on their experiences, in Zanzibarese or Arabic, and have it literally translated. Not having this at hand, however, we are glad to get Mr. Glave's simple, straightforward narrative. His strong face, which greets us as frontispiece, is a capital introduction to the book, for every lineament speaks of manliness and devotion to duty. Mr. Stanley furnishes an introductory note, showing how young Glave was left in the woods of Lukolela, and how he seemed to work for the mere pleasure of working. Glave, in Stanley's words, is a man who relishes a task for its bigness, and takes to it with a fierce delight. In his narrative we find that he was attracted to Africa after having read Stanley's 'Through the Dark Continent.' He offered himself as a volunteer, and went with Stanley to find Emin Pasha. He gives a lively account of his experiences among the Kroo men, or the amphibious fellows on the coast, and then, taking us into the interior, he shows us the methods of incantation, fetish, devotions, the doings of the rain-makers and the behavior of the people before their idols. He has evidently made large collections of the fetish men's charms, of idols, and of African curiosities of all sorts, and his pages sparkle with lively accounts of his adventures with hippopotami, and among the men whose spears and 'devil-dodgers' are pictured in the illustrations. He had a kindly eye for the babies and little children, and tells us a good deal about the black small boys and little girls who live in what is called the 'Dark Continent,' where the sun is so intensely bright.

His sense of fun and humor sustained him amid a great many troubles and hardships, and his thumbnail sketches and larger pictures show how keenly he noticed both nature and human nature. One funny picture, for example, represents a lot of bawling elephants standing on the top of a hill outlined against a full moon. Another shows the trials of an African cook who had to fry a fowl or make some kind of stew under a heavy downpour of rain while, at the same time, he had to hold up an umbrella to keep the rain from the fire, and by frantic efforts to save the whole apparatus from toppling over as the canoe lurched from side to side. The dark phases of life are shown, and the decoration of the villages with abundant human skulls

is vividly pictured. In many villages where the explorer went he could have bought whole cargoes of skulls for a few handfuls of tobacco or cartridges. He reached England in the fall of 1889, after six years' wanderings, and for a long time was homesick for the wild tropical scenery, the shouting Negroes, and the hundred sights and sounds of that savage life which he has depicted in a way to interest the boys, and probably transmute some of them into African explorers.

Mr. Johnson's "The Winter Hour" *

WHAT IMPRESSES one in reading the poems in Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson's first volume, 'The Winter Hour, and Other Poems' is their sincerity of feeling, grace of fancy and simplicity of style: these features, being everywhere present, give to the author's work a charming quality, and make his little book a delightful companion for the lover of poetry. The first poem, from which the collection derives its title, has for its theme the celebration of all that brings sweetness and light into the life of man—love, children, memory, books, art, music and a home gladdened by the presence of her who is the poet's inspiration. This is a somewhat extended piece of verse, written in a smooth measure, and varied at intervals by brief lyrical interludes, among which 'A Madonna of Dagnan-Bouveret,' recently printed in *The Century*, is perhaps the best, although the one entitled 'Love in Italy' is quite as pleasing in another way. There is a plenty of quotable passages in this idyl of the winter hour—apt characterizations, felicitous similes, happy descriptions of pictures and places, and, better than these, thoughts upon love and life, exquisitely expressed; but we prefer to let our readers make their own selections after a perusal of the poem entire. Following this come a number of shorter poems—devoted to love and nature; and, light as it is, we find ourselves strongly drawn to 'Love in the Calendar':—

When chinks in April's windy dome
Let through a day in June,
And foot and thought incline to roam,
And every sound's a tune;
When Nature fills a fuller cup,
And hides with green the gray,—
Then, lover, pluck your courage up
To try your fate in May.

And you whose art it is to hide
The constant love you feel;
Beware, lest overmuch of pride
Your happiness shall steal.
No longer pout, for May is here,
And hearts will have their way;
Love's in the calendar, my dear,
So yield to fate in May.

(We should have written the last line

So yield to fate—and May!)

This is a genuine love-lyric and a rare bit of music, and, if it has not already found a sympathetic melody, here is the song-maker's golden opportunity.

The stanzas entitled 'In November' are already familiar to many. We have always had a fondness for this:—

From out the bursting milkweed, dry and gray,
The silken argosies are launched away,
To mount the gust, or drift from hill to hill
And plant new colonies by road and rill.

'In the Dark,' 'Noblesse Oblige,' 'Illusions,' 'Quality' and 'Moods of the Soul' are admirable pieces of serious and thoughtful verse, while 'Divided Honors' and 'A Tracer for J—B—' are good examples of rhymes in lighter vein. The poet has an accurate sense of rhythm and rhyme and is fastidious in matters of technique and form, but his singing is natural and spontaneous enough to make these considerations secondary. One feels that his songs have nearly always come to him, and that he has sung only when

* *In Savage Africa*; or, *Six Years of Adventure in Congo Land*. By E. J. Glave. R. H. Russell & Sons.

* *The Winter Hour, and Other Poems*. By Robert Underwood Johnson. The Century Co.

the mood was upon him. This pretty volume will be welcomed by Mr. Johnson's fellow-singers who appreciate that

The poet's need
Is that a poet's heart should read,

and by all readers of verse who are fortunate enough to know the winter hour of which he sings.

Barbara Fritchie *

ALL THAT is likely ever to be known of the heroine of Whittier's poem is contained in this handsome little volume. Barbara Fritchie was the daughter of a German who settled in Pennsylvania in 1754, and afterwards removed to Maryland. She had distinct memories of the Revolution, and it was the patriotism born in her then that led her, so many years after, to place the little banner in her attic window. Her cottage on the edge of the town was separated from Lee's line of march on September 6, 1862, by a narrow creek. The flag was plainly visible to the foe. Stonewall Jackson was not at the head of his troops when the flag was fired upon, for he had entered the town itself on a private errand, while the troops were marching along the Benztown road. The banner was not 'rent with seam and gash,' for only a few scattering shots (if any) were aimed at it. Four days later the flag still waved from the window as the rebel army was retreating through the town. It was flying when the Union forces entered on the 12th. The author's statements are based on circumstantial and hearsay evidence. Nevertheless she has so thoroughly sifted the testimony that there is little room to doubt the correctness of her deductions. Her inquiries have been conscientious and minute, and she has apparently exhausted the sources of information.

Through misunderstanding or prejudice the truth of the flag-waving incident has often been denied. After the Revolution a large number of Hessians settled in Maryland, where they became the objects of hatred to the rest of the inhabitants. The other Germans were confused with the Hessians and all were detested alike. The antipathy became a legacy to a later generation and extended to Barbara Fritchie. In addition to prejudice of nationality, her Union sentiments involved her in trouble with other citizens. As a result of this unpopularity inquiries about her have usually been met with the assertion that she existed only in the poet's imagination. Even Mrs. Jackson, in her anxiety to clear her husband's character, has denied the whole story. But Mrs. Dall's monograph, more effectively than Mrs. Jackson's sweeping statement, frees Stonewall from the imputation of having ordered his men to fire upon a defenseless old woman. The story came to Whittier through sources in which he placed implicit confidence. Otherwise he would never have attributed such an act to the rebel general.

Mrs. Dall has been industrious in gathering material, but she has failed to arrange her facts systematically. She first published the results of her researches on this topic in a magazine article in 1878. She has since then investigated the subject anew, but the additional material has not been distinctly indicated. The dates of her visits to Frederick, if more than one, should have been given. What she learned directly and what was told her at second-hand should not have been left for the reader to determine. A conclusion not warranted by the evidence is drawn when she fixes the hour at which the flag was hung in the window. Neither does there seem to be authority for the statement that the flag was dislodged by the firing, and that it was seized by the aged hands and waved in the face of the invading army. A writer familiar with the historic method would have made a much more telling volume. The lack of skill in execution leaves an annoying impression of vagueness upon the reader. An appreciable service, however, has been rendered in settling a disputed question—a question beset with new difficulties since the disappearance of Barbara

Fritchie's cottage and the death of many of those who knew her.

Browning's Prose Life of Strafford

IN 1836 A 'Life of Strafford' was published in a volume of 'Lives of Eminent British Statesmen' for Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. It has passed until recently for the work of John Forster, but is now known to have been mainly written by Robert Browning. Dr. F. J. Furnivall, who contributes a preface (or 'forewords,' as he prefers to call it) to the reprint before us, gives the history of the book as Browning gave it to him. The poet went to see Forster one day and found him very ill, and anxious about the Life of Strafford, which he had promised for the volume soon to be issued. He could not write it himself, and Browning offered to take the materials collected by Forster and put them in shape for the press. So he carried off the papers, worked hard, and finished the Life, which came out in time, to Forster's great relief, and passed under his name, though his young friend had really written 'almost all' of it. It bears abundant internal evidence of being his composition, and is a curious and interesting complement to his drama of 'Strafford,' which was probably inspired by it. The present reprint is due to Mr. Dana Estes, who offered to share the cost of the reprint with the London Browning Society after two English publishing-houses had declined to undertake it. It has been issued in excellent style, and is bound to match the Riverside edition of Browning's Poems. Mr. C. H. Firth of Oxford, an acknowledged authority on the period, furnishes an introduction of sixty-five pages, together with a table of the chief dates and events in Strafford's career; and Mr. Benjamin Sagar adds an extensive index, filling seventeen double-columned pages. Every Browning student will want the book, to say nothing of its interest for students of English history who have not already become acquainted with it in its original and inferior form. (Estes & Lauriat.)

'The Foot-Path Way'

MR. BRADFORD TORREY has again delighted his admirers with a collection of his outdoor essays. 'The Foot-Path Way' contains nearly a dozen papers, most of which have appeared in *The Atlantic*. The writer does not tell us about outdoors and outdoor things; he takes us with him and points them out. We tramp together among the curious folk in Dyer's Hollow; we take a wild ramble over Mount Mansfield, and we spend a delightful season together among the birds in Franconia. 'A Widow and Twins' are the female humming bird and her young. Mr. Torrey has made a charming little story of this; he tells us about the nest with its two eggs, and we follow his careful observations, day after day, until the young are hatched, fledged, and have taken flight. All this time the male has done nothing whatever toward the support of the family, and his character as husband and father resists under heavy suspicion. His case, however, is partially explained in another paper, 'The Male Ruby-Throat.' In the delightful sketch, 'Dyer's Hollow,' there are many bright and genial sayings. We learn that 'out of flower is out of mind'; a certain thicker is a 'birdy spot'; and 'wood is one of the precious metals on Cape Cod.' And indeed all through the book we find entertainment and instruction, too, for Mr. Torrey is scrupulously accurate in his descriptions and they sometimes contain facts hitherto unpublished. The book has a charm not evanescent; Mr. Torrey has made out of doors as real to us as the study-table and open fire. As we close the book we can still hear the clear song of the gray-checked thrush from out of the fog and rain on Mansfield, or again feel over us the shade of the Weymouth pine. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

'The Initials'

ONE DOES NOT easily remember the first appearance of 'The Initials,' by Baroness Tautpheus. Its reappearance now in a new holiday edition, two volumes neatly bound and boxed, serves two purposes. To those to whom the novel is an old favorite it is here, for the first time, perhaps, adequately dressed. To others it is a new novel, and one that, to the generation of to-day, will seem very, very old-fashioned; a novel of life in Munich fifty years ago, centring around a group of characters who are, if the expression be permitted, extremely novelistic: as hero, a young Englishman of family and fortune, who lives in a German family in order to learn German, who flirts with the engaged and unengaged daughters of the Hausfrau, and ultimately marries the unengaged one despite the opposition of his family; as heroine, this same Fräulein, who is *geist-reich* and sensible, haughty and pliant, conventional and unconventional, thereby making herself worth the wooing; as foil to her, the younger sister, sixteen, domestic, demure, and married to the heavy comedian, a red-faced old major; as villain a seductive young Von, who commits

* Barbara Fritchie. By Caroline H. Dall. \$1. Roberts Bros.

suicide; as meddling soubrette, the blonde young wife of a gray old doctor; and so on through a long cast. There is no especial reason why the novel should be called 'The Initials,' and no especial reason why it shouldn't. The romance of the book rears itself rather clumsily from its pedestal of keen observation of German family life—this observation being the *raison d'être* of the work. The beautiful typographical appearance of the volumes is marred by several proof-reader's errors, an amusing one being found on p. 262, Vol. I., where 'she bust into tears as she spoke.' (\$2.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Famous Types of Womanhood"

MRS. SARAH K. BOLTON has added another volume to her long list of 'Famous' books. This is called 'Famous Types of Womanhood,' and includes biographical sketches of Queen Luise of Prussia, Mme. Récamier, Susanna Wesley, Harriet Martineau, Jenny Lind, Dorothea Dix, the three wives of Adoniram Judson (Ann, Sarah and Emily) and Dr. Amelia B. Edwards. If the association of these names seems at first incongruous, it will be explained when it is understood that Mrs. Bolton has taken each one as the successful embodiment of certain qualities. Thus she considers that Jenny Lind taught the true use of a perfect gift, Luise of Prussia embodied devotion to a political ideal, Miss Dix to a humanitarian, and so on. The biographical sketches are taken from the best sources procurable; and if at times the style seems unduly impressive, and the incidents too obviously selected to point a moral, it must be remembered that the author had the burden of a theory to maintain. The book is illustrated by a portrait of each of the women described, the lovely Queen Luise forming the frontispiece. (\$1.50. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

Herndon's Lincoln

A LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN by one who was his daily companion in business year after year must of necessity be of great interest, even were the author at enmity with his subject; but when, in addition to friendly intercourse, there has been long and patient industry in collecting and collating facts, the result must be quite satisfactory to those who are seeking a true picture of the man. William H. Herndon was the law-partner of Abraham Lincoln, and in his work of years has been assisted by one who has a keen scent after facts of importance—Mr. Jesse W. Weik. This excellent work has been before the public now for four years, and in a true sense has become a standard. It is reissued from the press of the Messrs. Appleton in a new and revised two-volume edition, with an introduction by Mr. Horace White, and is liberally illustrated with photographs of persons, houses and sites associated with great Americans. There are important appendices and a good index, and with the historical illustrations and correct text the book starts on a new career of usefulness. It will be many a generation before Americans weary of reading about Abraham Lincoln. (\$3. D. Appleton & Co.)

"The Century"

'ABILITY, THE DISTRIBUTION OF' is the first title that meets the eye in the index to *The Century* for May-October, 1892. Let us take the hint and say at once that the ability that has found its way into this forty-fourth volume of the magazine has been very ably distributed. Turn to the poetry: we have Julian Hawthorne in 'Altar and Idol' singing his loudest against the false gods that have taken the place of Goddess Freedom; James Jeffrey Roche turning 'The Fight of the Armstrong Privateer' into a stirring ballad; Thomas Hiley Aldrich telling of the subtle relations between 'Books and Seasons'; Edna Dean Procter glorifying 'Columbia's Emblem'; and odes 'To Joe Jefferson,' 'To a Lamp-Post' and 'To an Old Guitar.' There is something militant, patriotic and intensely modern about most of the verses. Their authors appear to burst into song because they are charged with too much energy to work well in prose, though we are not sure that Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, whose admirable essay on 'The Nature and Attributes of Poetry' is concluded in the volume, would accept that explanation, or Aristotle, whose tomb is described by Dr. Waldstein, its discoverer. Of fiction we have the concluding chapters of 'The Naulahka' and 'Ol' Pap's Flaxen' and all of Mary Halleck Foote's 'The Chosen Valley' and Henry B. Fuller's 'Chatelaine of La Trinité.' Emilio Castelar's articles on Columbus, Mr. Poulney Bigelow's on 'The German Emperor,' and the editorials on 'Politics' and on 'Finance' are solid, though not heavy reading. Art and artists are, as usual, not forgotten. Veronese, Tintoretto and Correggio are among the Italian Old Masters illustrated in the volume. Claude Monet, the Impressionist, is the subject of an article by Mr. Theodore Robinson, and the 'Century Series of Pictures by American Artists' includes examples of Frank D. Millet, William A. Coffin and Wyatt Eaton, with comments by W. L. Frazer. (\$3.50. The Century Co.)

New Books and New Editions

'THE AMERICAN ANNUAL of Photography and Photographic Times Almanac' for 1893 is larger and better than ever before. Among the best of its three dozen full-page illustrations are a portrait study by Sarony; a pair of amateur photographers, boy and girl, 'Focussing,' with their heads very suspiciously close together; a photo-engraving of a 'Catskiller' and his team of oxen; a view of Hawarden Castle and its geometrical flower-beds; two photographic designs for book-covers; and a view of Mount Hamilton swathed in fog. There are articles on 'Combining Photographs,' 'Artist vs. Photographer' and 'Fallow Fields in Photography,' on 'Stellar Photography' and 'Some Things that Cannot be Photographed,' among which are sunlight on water, storm effects, and in general everything of which we should particularly wish to have a correct record. (50 cts. Scovill & Adams Co.)

AMONG THE many calendars issued for next year by Marcus Ward & Co., none is more interesting for its literary contents than the 'Shakespeare'; for even the 'Everyday,' with its 'selections from celebrated authors,' contains nothing surpassing in power or charm the words of the sweet Swan of Avon. Each pad is surrounded by a colored design. (40 cts. each.) The 'Fan' calendar has twelve leaves—one for each month; so if one uses it as a wind-compeller, a breeze may be evoked from any desired season of the year. (50 cts.) A conveniently arranged 'Engagement' blank-book for 1893, accompanying the calendars, is intended as a reminder of other than matrimonial engagements. We have proved its usefulness by daily employment of a similar book for 1892. — A BOOK WHICH has been before the public during four years comes to us for fresh mention, arrayed in cavalry yellow and gold. Mr. Stanton P. Allan, of the First Massachusetts Cavalry, has told the story of life in a mounted regiment, in the war days, from Bull Run to Appomattox. In the rôle of book-maker, our cavalry boy in blue has been reinforced by H. G. Lasky, who has greatly enriched the text by his spirited illustrations. Mr. Allan's pictures of army life, both in camp and on the field, his sketches of the intelligent contrabands and funny dorkies, of army mules and of eccentric horses, are all very engaging, while the picture of courage and patriotism is not likely to fade. D. Lothrop Co.)

'POEMS BY DOBSON, Locker and Præd,' illustrated by Maud Humphrey, make a large, square, flat, brown volume of pictures in facsimile of water-colors, others in half-tone; and a selection of some of the brightest verses of the three famous authors whose names are on the title-page. The gentleman who is handing the lady out of the sedan-chair in the frontispiece is in primrose-colored coat and lilac-colored vest; the 'Dainty Beauty' who illustrates 'The Sun-Dial' is in a dress of larkspur-blue; Mr. Dobson's 'Milkmaid' is in blue and dove-color; and his 'Marquis' is in powder and patches and heliotrope and green. (\$3. Fred'k A. Stokes Co.) — 'DAYS WITH SIR ROGER de Coverley,' with Mr. Hugh Thomson's illustrations, we are happy to see, has reached a third edition, which we hope will reach three times as many book-shelves as the two former editions. The first was an expensive quarto; this, following the second, is a neat octavo, and is published at a price which brings it within the reach of all, or, at any rate, of as many as are likely to be tickled by its humor and to appreciate Mr. Thomson's charming designs. (\$1.50. Macmillan & Co.) — 'THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC Family Annual for 1893' contains its customary fund of information about all matters relating to the Church, and a number of biographical and other essays by Prof. Maurice F. Egan, Brother Agarias and other more or less well-known writers. It is illustrated, for the most part, with portraits. (Catholic Publication Society Co.)

MR. W. M. GRISWOLD'S 'Descriptive List of Novels and Tales dealing with Life in France' is very valuable for the help it affords both the general student of French life and language, and especially young or inexperienced teachers in selecting irreproachable reading-matter for their equally inexperienced classes. Such service is far more important than it seems, and is marred in the present instance only by the grotesque phonetic spelling adopted for the original or 'transferred' comments. It is to be hoped that Mr. Griswold will speedily follow the pamphlets thus issued with others on Oriental and Scandinavian life. (\$1. Cambridge, Mass.) — TWO NEW ISSUES of the cheap English Classic Series are Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta,' somewhat expurgated, and 'Selections from Caxton and Daniel,' both edited with brief introductions and foot-notes by Prof. J. Scott Clark, of Syracuse University. (12 cts. each.) — MACAULAY'S 'Essay on Milton' is a double number (24 cts.) in the same series, with no editor's name on the title-page, but similarly provided with concise explanatory and illustrative matter. (Effingham Maynard & Co.)

Books for the Young

"St. Nicholas" for 1892

THE TWO BOUND VOLUMES of *St. Nicholas* for 1892 should go far to satisfy the appetites of the most eager young readers for the coming year. Mr. Charles E. Carryl's admirable yarn, 'The Admiral's Caravan,' which we have already noticed in book form, is one of the stories, and among others are the veracious Indian tale of 'The Coyote and the Woodpecker,' by Mr. Charles F. Lummis; 'The Long Hillside,' the only true account of Uncle Limpy-Jack's Christmas Hare Hunt, by Thomas Nelson Page, with life-like and most affecting illustrations by W. L. Sheppard; and Brander Matthews's 'Tom Paulding,' which we have also noticed in book form. In fact, *St. Nicholas* is, as usual, a library of the best literature for the young, combining, as the old formula has it, amusement with instruction. The latter ingredient is furnished by such writers as Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, who writes of 'Two Queer Cousins of the Crab,' one of which haunts the sacred beach of Enoshima and may have bitten Sir Edwin Arnold's poetic toes, and the other, which comes from the Inland Sea of Japan and has acquired something of the artistic instinct of the people among whom it lives, bears a perfectly modelled Japanese face on its back. Electrical science and the French language are taught simultaneously by Kate Rohrer Cain; the 'Story of the Swiss Glaciers' is told by Mary A. Robinson; and Wm. A. Eddy tells how to reach a great height with kites. There are poems by Maurice Thompson, Oliver Herford, Virginia Woodward Cloud, and Celia Thaxter. It is impossible to give any idea of the beauty, humor, abundance and variety of the pictures except by saying that not even *St. Nicholas* has ever done better. (\$4. The Century Co.)

"Marjorie's Canadian Winter"

IN 'MARJORIE'S CANADIAN WINTER,' by Agnes Maule Machar, the author of 'Stories of New France,' we have what may be called an international story, which will please many readers, youthful and adult, on both sides of the political line. A girl of thirteen, born in New York, where her father, a Scotchman of scholarly education and tastes, is engaged in editorial work, finds herself in Montreal, the guest of her father's relatives, professional people mingling in the best society, and able to render her stay pleasant by introducing her to the enjoyments in which young people find their time pass cheerfully in that gay northern capital. She learns snow-shoeing and tobogganing, has lively sleigh-rides, attends a skating carnival, witnesses the attack and defence of an ice palace amid a gorgeous display of fireworks, descends the Lachine Rapids, and enjoys herself generally. She becomes acquainted with many agreeable and excellent people, and some others, by way of artistic contrast, not so satisfactory. With the aid of an accomplished professor, she and the readers of her story manage at the same time to pick up a good deal of Canadian history. The plot of the tale is of the slightest, and involves a considerable amount of moralizing, which occasionally inclines to the 'platitudinarian' character. But the book is a good one in all respects, well written throughout, and well suited for its destiny of a holiday gift-book and the delight of Sunday-school readers. Some neat engravings of local scenes, with a tasteful cover illuminated by the Northern Lights, add to the attractiveness of the volume. (\$1.50. D. Lothrop Co.)

"Witch Winnie's Studio"

MRS. ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY has continued the narrative of Witch Winnie and her friends in a new book called 'Witch Winnie's Studio.' This is about artist life in New York, and speaks of all the familiar localities, the Art Students' League, the artists who teach there, studio gossip, pictures on exhibition, and, in fact, except in certain fictitious situations and characters, never leaves the real for the ideal. It has always been a question as to the degree of artistic success to be won by this kind of work. Doubtless there is a kind of muscular reality gained by talking about actual men, such as Mr. Chase, Mr. Cox, Mr. Beckwith and others, and figuring them in the scenes of a book very much as they would appear in life—as they do appear, indeed, to all New Yorkers who move in certain circles. This kind of work depends for its effect very much more upon the known position and disposition of these men than upon any conscientious character-drawing in the book. To speak their names is to call a picture before our eyes more prominent, perhaps, than any the author thought she could draw. Yet we believe that she has destroyed the proportions of her performance by trying to mingle the real with the ideal. Instead of an harmonious production, with each figure in its true perspective and its true atmosphere, we have a group out of drawing. Nevertheless, the Witch Winnie Girls are always charming to meet—spontaneous,

full of that irresistible youthfulness and buoyancy that make a woman delightful to talk to or read about; and their studio experiences emphasize many of the questions and perplexities that a whole colony of young damsels solve for themselves every year here in New York. Witch Winnie leaves her readers to sail away for France, the land of students' dreams; and we hope that the next volume will describe her life in Parisian ateliers. The book is illustrated by the author's husband, Mr. J. Wells Champney. (\$1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"The Moon Prince, and Other Nabobs"

MOON-LAND HAS always had a dire fascination for the fanciful, from Lucian to Molière, and from Gulliver to Jules Verne. The mysterious traveller in the sky appears and disappears, waxes and wanes, grins and grows, so poetically and strangely under our very noses that his antics have always filled men with wonder and delight and set their inventive faculties a-trotting to try and find out the meaning of it all. The delightful nonsense of 'The Moon Prince, and Other Nabobs,' by R. K. Munkittrick, is a return to the ever-fascinating subject, and tells the adventures of little Johnny in Lunar Land among the animals and men of that magic star. Wonderful pictures illustrate the land of Green Cheese, and nonsense verses punctuate its paragraphs, which abound with the humorous and grotesque. Lowell bewailed the exclusion of the poetical and the imaginative from child-literature, saying that the 'age of flint was before us,' not behind us, in the gradual drying up of the sources of poetry and fancy in our dismal utilitarian literature for young people. But even his nonsense loving heart would find solace in Mr. Munkittrick's tour in Luna, Tommy Hawk's 'Day in Waxland,' and the trials and tribulations of 'Op-oponax & Co.' Of such 'nabobs' his pages are full, ripe and ready for Christmas. (\$1.25. Harper & Bros.)

"The Siege of Norwich Castle"

'THE SIEGE OF NORWICH CASTLE,' by M. M. Blake, is a very attractively printed story of the struggle which took place in 1075 between the Saxons and the Normans—the last effort, in fact, of the English to free themselves from William the Conqueror's rule. While the story is picturesquely told and the incidents are full of animation and a warlike spirit, the book is not one which will interest the ordinary American boy. It presupposes a knowledge of English history not taught in our schools or voluntarily sought by any but a very studious lad. Even a predisposition toward Walter Scott's historical novels will hardly be the gauge of a boy's interest in this story, for 'The Siege of Norwich Castle' naturally lacks the splendid humanity and knowledge of life which make the Waverley Novels enduringly attractive. The book is written with extreme conscientiousness, accuracy and a sincere attempt to make it a correct record of those tumultuous years; but it lacks the dramatic spontaneity that creates brilliant historical pictures for the unlearned reader, and in the effort to use old forms of speech and terms of Norman French, it is freighted with a phraseology that at times is almost pedantic—a fault not alone found in Mr. Blake's story, but discovered very often in boys' books, and one which the impatient juvenile reader humbly recognizes when he announces that a book is 'slow.' (\$1.50. Macmillan & Co.)

Manville Fenn's "Gil the Gunner"

'GIL THE GUNNER' is one of G. Manville Fenn's entertaining Indian stories for boys. Gil was an English lad who had a father and uncle in the service, and entered it himself, while he was still a boy. His adventures and acts of daring began while the shores of England were still in sight, for when the steamer which bore him to India was about to sail, 'all accoutred as he was' he plunged into the water to save a young woman who had fallen overboard. When he reached India his courageous and generous disposition was often put to the test, for in the service he saw many acts of oppression committed upon those beneath him in caste. Once, touched by the suffering of an Indian servant, he bound up the poor fellow's hand. This insignificant deed eventually saved Gil's life, for the servant was no less a personage than a Rajah who had disguised himself and served as a slave in order to learn the tactics of the English army. When the Mutiny burst upon the English colony, and officers were wounded and killed, Gil's life was saved by this same Rajah, who remembered the act of pity. In the end Gil, his father, his uncle and the Captain were all reunited and succeeded in quelling the uprising, thereby allowing the book to end, as loyal British stories should, with a 'God save the Queen' and the triumph of the British arms. The book is illustrated, is well printed, and is certain to hold the interest of any boy fortunate enough to have the volume given to him. (\$2. E. & J. B. Young & Co.)

"Vic: the Autobiography of a Fox-Terrier"

'VIC: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of a Fox-Terrier,' by Marie More Marsh, is the brightly told tale of a tall, as dog. The surprising adventures that happened to that lively and energetic animal are related with the piquancy that characterizes the breed. Fox-terriers are the wags of the dog-world, and if they cannot express their epigrams in words, their brilliancy is none the less evident. One quirk of the little head, one sniff of the little sharp-pointed nose has more significance than the entire joke-column in a daily newspaper. 'Vic' was stolen and put in a dog-show, and engaged in one or two combats with cats, and, in short, lived the ordinary life of one of those restless little beings. The fact that 'Vic' was a girl-dog and had a sensitive regard for law and order peculiar to the aristocratic surroundings of her home, somewhat diminishes the interest of her career; but she relates with satisfaction one or two triumphant encounters with rats, and the excursion she took when she was stolen gave her a very instructive glimpse of the outside world. Now, if the 'Meditations of a Cat' can only be added to the list of 'Black Beauty,' the autobiography of a horse, and 'Vic,' the autobiography of a dog, we shall have a very good idea of the way our domestic animals regard us. (\$1. F. J. Schulte & Co.)

Brief Notices of Books for the Young

THE STORY OF 'The Man with the Pan's-Pipes' is a popular German version of 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin,' which Mrs. Molesworth recounts as having been told to her as a little girl by her German cousin—not cousin-german—Meta. Along with it, in a pretty volume illustrated by W. J. Morgan, we have 'Pig Betty,' 'The Dormouse's Mistake,' 'The Christmas Guest,' 'Blue Frocks and Pink Frocks' and other tales of child-life. Many of the illustrations are in colors, in the style that has been named after Miss Kate Greenaway; others are in pen-and-ink; and the book has an illuminated cover. (\$1. E. & J. B. Young & Co.)—'*SCENES IN FAIRYLAND*,' by Canon Atkinson, relates the adventures of a little girl who paid several flying visits to the fairy realm, and was entertained by its inhabitants at garden-parties, and shown how they make their butter and wash their clothes. C. E. Brock illustrates the book with many graceful pen-and-ink drawings, and seems to be as familiar with fairy forms and ceremonies as with those of frogs, squirrels and bumble-bees. (\$1.25. Macmillan & Co.)—'*THE BUNNY STORIES*,' by John Howard Jewett, relate the troubles, mostly laughable, of a family of rabbits, who are very unlike Uncle Remus's. They are illustrated in pen-and-ink by Culmer Barnes, who has succeeded in giving individuality to the Bunny faces and verisimilitude to the Bunny adventures. The other animals, bears, goats, dogs and deer, are equally life-like. Master Bunny, in a red coat, occupies a white panel on the dark-blue cover. (\$1.75. Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

'IN CAMP WITH A TIN SOLDIER' is another of John Kendrick Bangs's bright stories of Jimmieboy's pranks in Mirthland. Dwarfs and soldiers and drums figure gaily in this shining land, which is 'just round the corner' and 'down the lane' of all imaginative natures. A fairy god-mother appears, and the awful apparition of Parallelepipedon gleams in the mirror. Sprites and rhymes pop up unexpectedly on every page; visits are planned, tales are told, and adventures go off merrily. In short the box of tin soldiers is a treasure-house of wonderful things which happen only at Christmas-tide and fill little children with delight. Probability or improbability is not the question: 'give me a delightful downright nonsense story once a year, and that in December.' Of such is this tale of the magical veterans. (R. H. Russell & Son.)—'*THE LITTLE GIRLS* interested in the welfare of Maggie and Bessie Bradford and Gladys Seabrooke will be glad to learn that Joanna H. Mathews, the author of all their woes, has put forth another book in the series, and that in 'Maggie Bradford's Fair' these entertaining young women conduct themselves in the natural fashion that made the other records of their days so enlivening. The good Miss Ashton still teaches at the school, ready to advise and direct the often misguided energies of the 'Inseparables.' Altogether the little book will be a welcome addition to the series. (Fred'k A. Stokes Co.)

'HILDEGARDE'S HOME,' by Laura E. Richards, is the story of a girl and her mother who had been used to a luxurious home in New York until the father died, and then with cheerfulness and grace had retired to an old-fashioned house in the country prepared to make the best of their altered fortunes. How Hildegard passed her days, the boys she knew, the sewing circle she formed, the pleasant environment she found in her new life, her devotion to her mother, all are pleasantly recorded in this little volume—recorded, it is true, with a good deal of sensibility and

a display of endearment that sometimes seems an affectation, but with an instinct for selecting the domestic influences of life which are properly supposed to interest and impress the minds of girl readers. (\$1.25. Estes & Lauriat.)—WHAT BOY WHO has read Dr. Kane's 'Arctic Explorations' has not laid the two goodly volumes down wishing for more? Here is a book called 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,' by Gordon-Stables, a surgeon in the Royal Navy, which, at least, is the same in character, though its attempt to picture polar life from a juvenile standpoint, and the rush of extraordinary adventures that befell the little party, rob the book of the intense and biting air of reality that accompanied every word of Dr. Kane's delightful journal. Doubtless, all the events pictured in this volume have happened, but as they are set down in Sidney's log, they seem fictitious and collected for the occasion, and the narrative suffers from a lack of continuity in the style. (80 cts. E. & J. B. Young & Co.)

'ADRIFT IN A GREAT CITY,' by M. E. Winchester, is an attempt to stir up the emotions of the juvenile reader by depicting the miseries of the poor. If anything could mark the seriousness of the admirable movement which finds its practical expression in kindergartens, in trade-schools and in settlement societies, it would be such sentimental books as this. The hero of the story is an English lad who came unbeloved into a cold and selfish household. He was the heir to a property expected by another branch of the family. Unloved he remained until he was lost to sight for four years, during which time he lived in the slums, and endured the privations and hardships of the little urchin born to the life of the tenement-house. Mysteriously he turns up on his own noble threshold, is received with open arms, wept over and restored to a place in the affections of his family which he never held until he had been sanctified by suffering. Doubtless there are instances of hard-hearted children who can only be touched by such distressing events as are related in this work, but they are so rare that they do not need a special literature of their own, and the ordinary child is much too easily moved to tears to need stories of such intensity. (\$1.50. Macmillan & Co.)

Shakespeareana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The 'Bedford' Shakespeare.—Of the miniature editions of the dramatist I know of none more elegant than the 'Bedford,' in twelve diminutive volumes, published by Frederick Warne & Co., of London and New York. The page measures 4½ by 3½ inches, and each volume is about ¼ of an inch thick. The type is larger than in the 'Oxford' edition, and the page is bordered with a red line. Paper and press-work are excellent, and the binding in cloth is neat and tasteful. The edition may also be had in various leather bindings, and each style is put up in a case covered with the same material as the books. The text, prepared by the editor of the 'Chandos Classics,' is conservative, varying from the folio of 1623 only when the latter is obviously corrupt. A brief memoir of Shakespeare and a glossary are added. The price of the set in cloth is \$7.50.

The twelve volumes of this edition fill almost exactly twice the cubical space of the six volumes of the miniature 'Oxford.' If one wants the complete works of Shakespeare in the most compact form, he will naturally choose the latter; but for ordinary use the former seems to me to have the advantage. The separate volumes of the 'Bedford' are of nearly the same size and weight as in the 'Oxford,' while the text is more legible, and the general look of the page more attractive. If I had occasion to take a single volume as a pocket companion, I should take the 'Bedford'; but if I wanted to pack a complete edition in a hand-bag, I should prefer the other.

The Shakespeare Memorial Library at Stratford.—While at Stratford in the early part of October, I had the pleasure of spending an hour or two in the Memorial Library and of inspecting some of the additions made to it since my visit a year earlier. The most important of these was a set of the four Folios, presented to the library by Mr. C. E. Flower a short time before his death. The First Folio (1623) was once the property of Halliwell-Phillips, being that from which he took the Droeshout portrait, which he considered superior to any other impression in existence. In the place of this he inserted a modern reproduction. He had bought the volume for 120 guineas in 1889, and a note on the fly-leaf in his handwriting reads thus:—'The remarkable textual variations in the Third Part of Henry VI. p. 172, col. 2, mentioned in the Cambridge Shakespeare, Vol. 5. p. 342, as peculiar to Lord Ellesmere's copy, are also found in the present one.' This mistake is not corrected in the revised issue of the Cambridge edition, if, as

I assume, note xiii. on p. 396 of vol. v. is the one meant. I cannot at this moment refer to the first edition. Halliwell-Phillipps notes certain misprints as peculiar to this copy of the Folio—another illustration of the well-known fact that corrections were made from time to time while the volume was going through the press.

The Second Folio (1632), presented by Mr. Flower, is notable among bibliographers for the curious misprint of 'The Tragedy of King Lear' instead of 'The Tragedy of Hamlet,' in the headline of p. 294. Mr. Wall, the genial librarian at the Memorial, says that, so far as he knows, there is only one other copy in which this blunder is found.

The Third Folio in the library is particularly interesting as having belonged to Mr. J. Payne Collier, who wrote the following note on the fly-leaf:—

What a treasure I thought this book when I bought it in Baldwin's Gardens, near Hatton Garden, in the year 1806, now seventy years ago. I fancied it the First Edition, and what pleasure I had in making up its deficiencies. I was then grossly ignorant, and was only beginning what I wish I had never begun. Before I bought it somebody else had thought of it, perhaps, as highly as I did [there are many MS. additions]. We both wasted our time, yet who shall dare to talk of wasting time upon Shakespeare? At the end of seventy years the book has been of singular service to me. In my time I have, of course, had the use of many First, Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, but this is the only folio I ever owned.

I do not see how the statement that this was the only folio he ever owned can be reconciled with the fact that he bought the famous Perkins Folio in 1849—the unlucky volume which gave rise to so much criticism and controversy, involving, withal, serious questions concerning Collier's honesty in the matter.

Space cannot be taken for extended notice of other recent additions to the Memorial Library, which now contains more than six thousand volumes. Among these are now 271 complete editions of Shakespeare (2563 volumes) in English and other languages. Of the foreign editions not yet completed I may mention one by the King of Portugal, who sends the volumes as they are published. Two books of special Shakespearean interest are an early edition of Lily's Latin Grammar, identical with that used in the Stratford Grammar School when the poet was a pupil there, and the 'Diary of the Rev. John Ward,' Vicar of Stratford, written in 1661–1663, and containing some passages in which, as Halliwell-Phillipps remarks, 'there can be no reasonable doubt that he has accurately repeated the prevalent local gossip' concerning the dramatist.

In his annual report for the year ending March 31, 1892, Mr. Wall says:—

The contributions which, next to England's, have been most in number and greatest in value have been gifts from America; and the Librarian cannot refrain from pointing out that while English publishers of Shakespearean volumes have (during the past year) added nothing to the shelves, no such works, of any lasting value, issued in the United States have failed to find their way to the Monumental collection in Stratford-upon-Avon.

It is to be hoped that our publishers and authors will continue to deserve this commendation. It should also be borne in mind that not only books but other printed matter referring to Shakespeare or his works will be welcome at the library. Mr. Wall says of the miscellaneous additions made during the year:—

The collection has been enriched by a number of pamphlets, prints, old Shakespearean playbills, excerpts from books and magazines, curious newspaper cuttings, engravings, photographs and personal relics, including a brooch made from the Shakespeare mulberry tree, which, set in gold, David Garrick presented to his wife as a memorial of the Stratford Jubilee. * * * A gift which has been generally admired by the past year's visitors was a series of large pictorial photographs, illustrating Shakespeare's Seven Ages, presented by J. Landy, of Cincinnati, U. S. A., artist and photographer.

Shakespeare's Prayer Book.—A correspondent in New York sends me the following, from the London *Bookman*, and asks my opinion of it:—

A Chester bookseller relates how many years ago he met at a sale in Shropshire the man who purchased for a few pence at an auction the Prayer Book owned by Shakespeare, with a genuine autograph inside, and resold it to his brother, who in turn disposed of it to a wealthy American for 200*l.*, and actually charged the sum of 1*l.* 6*d.* extra for a box to contain it. The first purchaser is stated to be now confined in a lunatic asylum, caused by worry at his brother's meanness. The latter promised him 40*l.* out of his handsome profit, but never gave him a penny.

If the wealthy American who bought the Prayer Book is not a myth or himself the occupant of a lunatic asylum, he has done well to keep quiet about his foolish bargain. It is safe to say that the book never belonged to Shakespeare, and that the autograph is a forgery. The only volume in existence which is supposed to

have been the property of the poet is the Florio's 'Montaigne' in the British Museum. That has his name in it, and it is probably a genuine autograph.

Allusions to Playing Cards in Shakespeare.—A correspondent in Boston inquires 'whether card-playing is introduced in any play of Shakespeare, or is mentioned or alluded to.' I believe that chess is the only game actually introduced into any scene, and that only in 'The Tempest' (v. 1. 172). Cards are distinctly mentioned four times: in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' ii. 1. 407: 'Yet I have faced it with a card of ten'; in 'King John,' v. 2. 105:—

Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match played for a crown?

in 'Titus Andronicus,' v. 1. 100: 'As sure a card as ever won the set'; and 'Antony and Cleopatra,' iv. 14. 19:—

She, Eros, has
Packed cards with Caesar, and false-played my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.

There is besides the curious instance of *deck* for a pack of cards in '3 Henry VI.' v. 1. 44:—

But whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slyly fingered from the deck.

Certain games at cards are likewise mentioned or alluded to; for instance, 'primero' (a game now unknown, but some terms in which are still familiar—as 'pass,' 'I'll see it,' 'I am flush,' 'I draw,' etc.) in the 'Merry Wives,' iv. 5. 104, where Jack Falstaff says, 'I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero'; and 'Henry VIII.' v. 1. 7:—

Lovell. Came you from the King, my lord?

Gardiner. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at primero with the Duke of Suffolk.

'Cousin' in Shakespeare.—The question has been raised in the newspapers whether *cousin* was used two hundred or more years ago for *nephew* or *niece*. One writer manages to find several instances of such use, including one from Shakespeare. 'The Century Dictionary' rightly gives, as the first meaning of *cousin*, 'one collaterally related by blood more remotely than a brother or sister; a relative; a kinsman or kinswoman; hence, a term of address used by a king to a nobleman, particularly to one who is a member of the council, or to a fellow-sovereign.' Shakespeare applies it at least nine times to a nephew, seven times to a niece, twice to an uncle, once to a brother-in-law, and four times to a grandchild. He also uses it eight times as a title given by princes to other princes and noblemen. In 'Much Ado,' i. 2. 25, where Leonato says, 'Cousins, you know what you have to do,' it is used loosely for relatives in general; and in 'Luke,' i. 36, 58, it is evidently equivalent to kinswoman. A good example of its application to a niece is in 'As You Like It,' i. 3. 44, where Rosalind says to Duke Frederick 'Me, uncle?' and he replies 'You, cousin.'

Byron and "The Vampire"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I notice in *The Critic* of Nov. 19 that 'The Publishers' Circular' chronicles the discovery in China of an unpublished letter of Lord Byron's. It is addressed to "Monsieur Galignani, 18 Rue Vivienne, Paris," and refers to "The Vampire," which had been erroneously attributed to Byron, who declined to accept either the responsibility or the credit of the work, etc., etc. I may add that the letter in question, republished *in extenso*, has been circulating in the columns of the press for the past six months, and I am somewhat surprised that the fiction which has floated it has not been sooner detected and exploded. The facts relating to the matter are briefly as follows:—In an edition of 'The Works of Lord Byron,' including his suppressed poems, complete in one volume, published in Paris in 1827 by A. & W. Galignani, there is a facsimile reproduction of the letter concerning 'The Vampire,' which was addressed by Lord Byron to 'the Editor of Galignani's Messenger' from Venice, under the date of April 27, 1819. This facsimile is extremely well executed. It reproduces not only the handwriting of the poet (by lithography), but simulates his letter-paper as well, and the sheet is dexterously folded into the volume in the form of a letter, which bears on the outside the address, 'Monsieur Galignani, 18 Rue Vivienne, Paris—Paris.'

Were this facsimile detached from its fastening, it might, possibly, by an inexperienced person, be taken to be the original letter. That the 'Vampire' letter was recently discovered 'in China' is, therefore, perhaps not to be wondered at; but that, when held up to view in the English and American press, it should retain for several months the honor of a 'hitherto unpublished' writing of Lord Byron's is certainly remarkable.

PARIS, Dec. 2, 1892.

EDWARD A. CRANE.

Conversation

I
'How didst thou die in that other world?'
'I died of a dart by a foeman hurled.'

II
'And I, of a jibe sped by a friend
With the lips of love, came to my end.'

III
'And thou, O tender babe, what doom?'
'Ere I was born, in my mother's womb.'

IV
'And thou, O passionate spirit fair
In winding sheet of thy golden hair?'

V
The angel of her burned ashy-white:
'I died of a broken heart one night.'

J. A. H.

Boston Letter

ALL BOSTON has been interested in the adaptation of Alexandre Dumas's 'Demi-Monde' now playing at the Globe Theatre in this city. Interested I may say chiefly (so far as literary Boston is concerned) because the translation was made by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney. And I may add that the universal verdict of Boston holds that, besides being effective from a dramatic standpoint, the play is of excellent literary merit. One thing is peculiarly noticeable—the affect of the adventuress upon Puritanical Boston. We should expect Boston to rise up in arms against her; as a fact, she seems to carry the audience. When she practically declares that any man who turned his back upon a woman of her class who had been faithful to him was a 'cad,' the audience actually 'rose' to the actress's utterance. And yet the adventuress is not put in any sentimental light. It is the presence of a great deal of human nature in the woman that accounts for her popularity. The leading part is exceedingly well played by Miss Carrie Turner, whose acting, I am free to confess, I have never before liked, but who has won golden opinions from the public in this production. The men do not seem to understand the tone of the play.

The translation clings faithfully to the author's text and yet is in beautiful English. William Seymour, stage-manager of the Tremont Theatre and an actor of nearly thirty years' experience (that is to say, of nearly a life-long experience), arranged Miss Guiney's translation for stage production. He declares enthusiastically that he has never before met with a person having no experience in the drama who could produce so admirable a play. In fact, he declares that next to T. Russell Sullivan (who it will be remembered wrote 'Nero' for Mansfield and adapted 'Dr. Jekyll' for him, and has adapted other plays for the Boston Museum), Miss Guiney has a more natural faculty for producing a drama than any writer he has met. In my opinion the name selected for the drama is a wretched one. The word 'Demi-Monde' is as well adapted for English use as French, but the title 'Crust of Society' carries no significance whatever. It seems to be simply a milk-and-water attempt to dodge offending somebody's taste.

Dumas took eleven months, I believe, to write the 'Demi-Monde,' although he wrote 'Camille' in eight days. Miss Guiney accomplished the translation in just six days. Some months ago Manager Stetson asked her if she could not quickly get this play ready for Mrs. Potter to produce, and the young poet immediately plunged into the work, finishing it, as I said, in less than a week. She herself did not think the play exactly adapted for a star, and Mr. Stetson evidently came to the same opinion, for he decided not to add it to Mrs. Potter's repertoire, but to form a stock company, with Joseph Haworth, E. L. Davenport and Miss Turner as the leaders. Miss Guiney gave the play practically as it was written forty years ago, and her decision that it was not necessary to eliminate much of the original to make it suitable for Boston has been verified by the result.

A friend of mine called upon Miss Guiney the other day, and was told an interesting story, which, although already used by him, I may repeat for *The Critic's* readers. It related to Eugene Field, who has lately been reading in Boston. When Miss Guiney was abroad with her mother, in 1889, she was staying at a house where a friend had left the valise of Mr. Field. For a long time the Boston poet had desired to meet the Chicago poet, and was in hopes that now when he called for his bag she might have that pleasure. But, instead, she and her mother were disappointed to

find, one day, that instead of a gentleman of poetic appearance, whom they could greet as Mr. Field, calling for the article, a medium-sized stranger, with a slouch hat far down over his eyebrows, lounged up to the house, and in the most indifferent way declared, 'I believe there is a bag here belonging to a man named Field; I will take it.' Disappointed, they gave the article to the messenger—only to find out a few weeks later that this man to whom they had paid not the slightest attention was the identical Eugene Field whom they had wished to welcome.

While I am writing about entertainments in Boston, I may as well allude to this past week at Music Hall and Chickering Hall. George Grosmith has captured the town, his delightful, frank, ingenious, satirical imitations being received with much favor. Marion Crawford, who made his *début* as a reader here the past week, has received much praise, but, I am sorry to say, has not drawn large audiences. I think your readers will be more interested in reading what Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton says of him than what I could say. This is her commendation, published in the *Transcript*:—

'I felt, after hearing Mr. Marion Crawford read last night, that it were a pity any one who cares for what is best in literature should miss so great a pleasure. I have always been a hearty admirer of Mr. Crawford's novels. He is both romantic and realistic. I mean that he is true to nature; but he realizes that nature has many sides, and that love and romance and aspiration are at least as natural as vice and squalor and meanness. He is a poet in prose, moreover, as was amply proved by the marvelously beautiful extracts from a forthcoming book with which he concluded his last night's reading. One can hardly praise a man, perhaps, for an agreeable voice and a distinguished presence, since these are the gifts of the partial gods; but that Mr. Crawford satisfies in all directions the most exacting taste certainly adds to the pleasure with which one hears him—a pleasure that will be only twice more within our reach.'

To a caller in Boston the other day Mr. Crawford declared that he thought Rudyard Kipling the greatest story-teller the English people ever had. He added that he believed in authors' protective societies, although there were few authors who received poor pay for their works. Curiously enough, Mr. Crawford believes, contrary to the general drift of opinion here, that the future novel in America will be the three-volume novel. He has just concluded negotiations with Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for the return to him of the copyrights of the four books which they published, and by this means will give to Macmillan & Co. the opportunity to publish his works in a complete set. Mr. Crawford adds that he has a story now in mind, but will not write it this winter. In writing he says he averages about 6000 words a day—a tremendous amount of work when one comes to think it over. I imagine that few authors turn out more than a third or a half of that amount, as a rule. I may say that Mr. Crawford has never taken any lessons in elocution as a preparation for his reading tour, but he has read for criticism before Mr. Sargent of New York.

In my last letter I meant to have written something about the meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, so that I might put collectors on guard against the facsimiles so often put on sale. Dr. Samuel A. Green, the accomplished historian and librarian of the Society exhibited to his fellow-members a collection of facsimiles of rare publications which had been put forth without any explanation that they were not original. These spurious copies, he said, began to be issued fully forty years ago. Though that was long before the present printing process had made it possible to copy with photographic accuracy, yet by the use of antique styles of type and discolored paper the copies were made to seem like ancient documents.

The Whittier Memorial at Amesbury on Saturday was a warm-hearted tribute to the New England poet who is gone. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford was asked to write an especial poem, but the request came so late that she was unable to do it. The oration was delivered by the Hon. James W. Patterson, Chairman of the State Board of Education in New Hampshire. I add selections from the letters of regret, the first being from Dr. Holmes:—

'I am just convalescent from a somewhat severe attack of sickness, which has prostrated me for two or three weeks. I regret that I shall not be able to be present at the very interesting meeting which you are to hold in memory of my dear and noble friend Whittier. I beg you to be assured of my sympathy and interest in your services, in which I am very sorry I cannot take a part.'

Mr. Robert C. Winthrop presented his grateful acknowledgments to the citizens of Amesbury, and regretted that age and infirmities compelled him to deny himself the privilege of uniting with them in paying 'a deserved tribute to the memory of his venerated friend, the illustrious poet, John Greenleaf Whittier.'

Mr. Stedman sent his appreciative thanks for the invitation. Mr. Warner wrote:—'I count myself very unfortunate that I must miss another Whittier memorial service. But on or about the date you name I must go West to keep an engagement in Indianapolis. In the proposed service, Amesbury is spreading the universal voice of the poet's countrymen. And how creditable it is to our much criticised civilization that a great and good man is still honored, not for what he made out of this world, but for what he gave to it.'

Regrets came also from Mrs. Moulton, Mrs. Elizabeth Phelps Ward and Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

BOSTON, Dec. 20, 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

The Lounger

THERE WAS a time—a time not very remote—when I thought that the way to make a fortune in the book-business was to be a London publisher. This impression was derived, in a measure, from the authors' accounts of the publishers' profits, and also from the publishers' statements of the extraordinary sales of their books at the large prices that prevail in England. If I had been in the business, I should have been sorely tempted to pack my boxes and hie me to the other side of the ocean; but bitterly should I have repented the rash act after reading Mr. Wm. Heinemann's tale of woe in a recent *Athenaeum*. Mr. Heinemann is one of the youngest of London publishers, and one of the most successful of the younger ones, if one may judge by his list of books. He has had some remarkable successes, and no failures so far as the public can see; and yet he writes most feelingly of 'The Hardships of Publishing.' He begins by saying that the effects of international copyright are to make things neither better nor worse than they were before; and the matter of 'setting up' English books in America will take care of itself, he thinks. Now let us consider the causes of the 'Hardships' of which he complains.

ONE DIFFICULTY that publishers have to contend with in London is the cost of book-making, which, owing to trade-unions and the demand for better work on the part of the public, has risen to a height never attained before. Then there are the authors—a necessary evil—who have banded together, so that they also have a veritable trade-unions. The Society of Authors (from the Chairmanship of which Mr. Walter Besant has just retired, and in the Presidency of which Mr. George Meredith has just succeeded Lord Tennyson) has done more harm than good, according to this publisher, by giving the embryo author a wrong impression of the successes of literature, and the closeness of publishers in dealing with the writers of books. As an example, Mr. Heinemann says:—

I was told by an author who had just issued one unsuccessful book that no honest publisher would dare to offer him less nowadays than twopenny in the shilling royalty and something down. Another budding novelist, who had made two or three failures, and had published one fairly successful book, declared that a member of the council of the Authors' Society had assured him that any publisher would jump at his next book if he were allowed to publish it on the basis of a royalty of 25 per cent., with a substantial sum down, etc. This advance on royalty has, to my mind, been made a subject of a serious abuse. It should surely be given only to those established authors who, through reputation made, have a sort of good-will in their work.

Owing to this trade-union, the prices of authors have gone up, so that royalties are actually being paid, which, with the increased cost of production, leave to the publisher barely his working expenses.

ANOTHER CAUSE of hardship is 'the trade,' which demands discounts that are little less than ruinous; so that altogether the lot of the English publisher, as set forth by 'a humble minor' in the profession, is not a happy one. Larger discounts prevail in this country than publishers were used to grant; but with us twelve books, and not fourteen, make a dozen, and our 'net' prices are 'net,' and no juggling. I now understand the excited words of a well-known English publisher, who, when applied to by a young American for a position in his firm, told him that an American with all the opportunities offered in his own country must be an idiot or a lunatic to want to go into the publishing business in London. I dare say he was right, but at the same time I do not believe that Mr. Clarence McIlvaine, of the firm of Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., has any reason to regret that he is a London rather than a New York publisher. Perhaps some American methods introduced into English publishing would mean fewer 'hardships' for the publishers who adopted them.

'CAN YOU PROCURE for me the edition of Jane Austen which induced you to study that goddess at whose shrine I worship?' writes a correspondent in England. 'I only possess common shilling editions of her works—and those are odd volumes! It is

disgraceful; but then I possess her in my heart of hearts, which is better still. However, I should like to have the new series to which you refer, and should be so much obliged if you would order them for me.' I was obliged to reply that my friend could get the books more easily than I could, as they are published by J. M. Dent & Co., Aldine House, Great Eastern Street, E.C., London. And now word comes:—'I have got the Jane Austens, and am charmed with them.'

HERE IS AN AMUSING bit from a letter written by the late Canon Butler to his wife, when he was staying with Mr. Froude at Onslow Gardens:—'He and I were playing lawn-tennis yesterday in the Square, when old Carlyle came round to take him for a drive in an omnibus, which he does about three times a week. Froude hid himself behind the bushes, and the old philosopher, unable to see him anywhere, retired, and we continued our game. Who would believe that Froude had ever hidden himself from Carlyle before editing his literary remains? If he had hidden himself behind the bushes after their publication, I should not have been surprised, for he would doubtless have had a stormy interview with the philosopher's ghost.'

MR. J. M. BARRIE is one of the few authors who does not disappoint one in his photograph. Some of the engraved portraits of this delightful writer are not altogether satisfactory, but the only photograph of him I have seen realizes the ideal that one has of the man. There is no pose, no called-up expression, but there is one of the most thoughtful, most honest faces the camera ever succeeded in fixing upon paper. You would not call Mr. Barrie handsome from this picture, but you would probably say, as some one did to whom I showed the picture without saying whose it was—'That is the best face I ever saw.' In his writings Mr. Barrie shows as much genuine humor as genuine piety, but in his face you don't see the humorist at all. The large eyes are those of the serious observer—of the author of 'The Window in Thrums' and 'The Little Minister,' not of him who wrote 'Walker, London,' and 'The Professor's Love-Story.'

MR. BARRIE did not write this latter play for Mr. Irving, as has been rumored—nor for Mr. Willard, either, for that matter. He began it on the suggestion of Mr. Willard, and when it was finished turned it over to Mr. Irving through a misunderstanding. Mr. Irving promised to produce it within a given time or forfeit a large sum of money. He found it impossible to do as he had hoped, so he paid the forfeit long before it was due and the play came back to Mr. Willard. It did not take that sagacious actor twenty-four hours to read the play, accept it and secure all rights for America and England. Mr. A. M. Palmer was not a day behind Mr. Willard in his enthusiasm, and so New York has had the pleasure of seeing the birth of a new play from the pen of one of the foremost among the new generation of English writers.

I FIND THIS NOTE in a London exchange:—

What to do with our girls? Make professional novelists of them, says the editor of *Atalanta*; and she—*dux femina facti*, this editor is a lady—has started a School of Fiction to teach the gentle art. It is rather appalling. As if there were not novels enough already, and enough young ladies wasting good ink and foolscap by spilling them with bad stories, we are to have our maidens regularly trained to the business, and let loose upon the world, in batches, every year to pursue their devastating calling, as if they were dentists or pharmaceutical chemists.

Novelists—even female novelists—are born, not made. Jane Austen and Fanny Burney were the forced growth of no 'School of Fiction' whatsoever. If it is 'in' a woman to write, she will be able to tell a story well with no other training than a good education and early familiarity with good literature. Mrs. Walcott wrote 'Mr. Smith'—a book showing an unusual knowledge of human nature—when she was only twenty-five years of age, and had seen very little of the world.

I HAVE RECEIVED with the compliments of the Messrs. Scribner a tiny little book called 'The Drury Lane Boys Club,' written by Mrs. F. H. Burnett. Strange to say, it does not bear the imprint of that firm on its title-page. It is published at the 'Press of The Moon, Washington, D. C.' In reading Mrs. Burnett's preface, I find that this Press is established in a basement room in her own house, and that the proprietor is, to quote her words, 'related to me by marriage, being my younger son.' She confesses that she is more interested in the success of this publisher than in that of any other she has ever had, and that she wrote the story at his earnest solicitation. It was, however, intercepted by *Scribner's Magazine*, which desired to publish it in a series of articles on the 'Poor in Great Cities.' The little book, which is limited to an

edition of eight hundred copies, is copyrighted by Master Vivian Burnett.

'I HAVE NOTICED "Argus's" comment in *The Critic* of Dec. 10' (writes 'W. H. van A.' of this city) 'on the Irish word "Shandrydan," where he refers the origin of that name for a certain vehicle to onomatopœia. The derivation is from the French, though the form has been changed by Celtic tongues, and the original title is "char en dedans." I have heard the word used often by a dear old Irish gentlewoman, of a type too rare in this country, who always so understood its source. In the same way the cry often heard from upper stories in Scotland, "Gardylloo," is "Gardes l'eau"; while the Irish "gossoon" is, on the surface, "garçon."

John Burroughs on "Expression"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I SPENT 'ten delicious days' with John Burroughs in June last on an island in a Maine lake, where nature had gathered together birds and trees, flowers and trout with lavish hand, and many a bit of outdoor life was unfolded to eager eyes at his gentle touch. I see him now peering into the bushes in search of the warbler whose note he has just heard, or stooping to pick caressingly the sprig of linnæa. I see him as he walks up the hill, proudly holding the four-pound brook trout that had been vanquished by his skill. I remember sitting before the blazing fire of birch logs till after midnight while he chatted about the bees. So vivid was it all that I feel even yet as if I must have seen him on the highest rung of a ladder, striving to give a swarm of bees, hanging from the apple bough, with some suspicious little fellows buzzing about his head and crawling on face and hands, doubtless wondering whether they ought to sting or not.

Once, in talking of some of his earlier writings, he was asked when and how he began writing for the magazines. 'I was about twenty-three,' he answered, 'when I sent my first essay to *The Atlantic*. It was on "Expression"; it was accepted, and the editor sent me thirty dollars for it. It appeared, unsigned, in the number for November, 1860, and I was as proud as could be till I read in the *Tribune*, I think, the statement that "Mr. Emerson appears in this month's *Atlantic* with one of his characteristic essays, on "Expression." I read my essay over again, and it was as Emersonian as—' and the sentence ended in a quiet laugh. 'I was saturated with Emerson in those days,' he went on, 'and had unconsciously imitated him. I said to myself, "This won't do at all," and I determined to write thereafter on things I saw and knew—the birds and woods and fields.'

Getting back to town again, one of my first cares was to hunt up the old *Atlantic* and read Burroughs on 'Expression.' I hardly think the *Tribune* critic is to be blamed for crediting the article to the sage of Concord. Who could have written this passage but Emerson?—

Nature exists to the mind not as an absolute realization, but as a condition, as something constantly becoming. It is neither entirely this nor that. It is suggestive and prospective; a body in motion, and not an object at rest. It draws the soul out and excites thought, because it is embosomed in a heaven of possibilities, and interests without satisfying.

Or this:—'Without Analogy, without this marrying of the inward and the outward, there can be no speech, no expression.' And Mr. Emerson himself might have wondered when he had written this:—

One's capacity for expression is also affected by his experience—not experience in time and space, but soul-experience—joy, sorrow, pleasure, pain, love, hope, aspiration, and all intense feeling by which the genesis of the inward man is unfolded. What one has lived, that alone can he adequately say. The outward is the measure of the inward; it is as the earth and sky: so much earth as we see, so much sky takes form and outline. The spiritual, it is true, is illimitable, but the actual is the measure of that part of which we are made conscious.

And yet isn't this a touch of the Burroughs we afterwards are to know?—

Saxon words cannot be used too plentifully. They abridge and condense and smack of life and experience, and form the nerve and sinew of the best writing of our day; while the Latin is the fat. The Saxon puts small and convenient handles to things, handles that are easy to grasp; while your ponderous Johnsonian phraseology distends and exaggerates, and never peels the chaff from the wheat.

'Smack of life' is unmistakable. And here in this early essay, see how he looks out of doors as he writes:—'Ideas, in this respect, resemble the trees, which branch and diverge more and more widely as they proceed from the root and the germinal state.' One passage is unconsciously autobiographic. See in it the struggle of the youth who must write, willy-nilly:—

The difficulty in writing is to utter the first thought, to break the heavy silence, to overcome the settled equilibrium, and disentangle one idea from the embarrassing many. It is a struggle for life. There is no place to begin at. We are burdened with unuttered and unutterable truth, but cannot, for the life of us, grasp it. It is a battle with Chaos. We plant shaft after shaft, but to no purpose. We get an idea half-defined, when it slips from us, and all is blank again in that direction. We seem to be struggling with the force of gravity, and to come not so near conquering as to being conquered. But at last, when we are driven almost to despair, and in a semi-passive state inwardly settling and composing ourselves, the thought comes.

Well, Poole's Index credits this essay to R. W. Emerson, and I am told that when Mr. Lowell, then editor of *The Atlantic*, received the article, he thought some one was trying to pass off on him one of Emerson's earlier papers, and he looked up all that Emerson had published, to see if such was not the case.

This, to me, is more than a curious bit of literary history, more than a hint for the bibliographer or editor. Think, if you please, of this young fellow, fresh from the farm at an age when others of our youths are just leaving college, writing an essay which the foremost critic of his generation attributes unhesitatingly to the first thinker of his age. Emerson might have written every word of it, and gained thereby in reputation. This bit of Burroughs should remain no longer in obscurity, but be included in our author's next volume of essays. Must we wait long for that? The bees have gone to rest, the crimson clusters have gone from the currant-bushes, the last bunch of grapes has been plucked, and the hills at West Park are bare and brown. Give us, if you may, Mr. Burroughs, some of that store of richer fruit that ripens on the Hudson's banks.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 1, 1892.

F. S. D.

The Shelley Memorial

THE American members of the Committee to provide the funds for the Shelley Library and Museum—to be established, as a memorial of the poet, at Horsham, England,—acknowledge with thanks the following subscriptions:—S. P. Avery, New York, \$25; some members of the Grolier Club, \$59; William Lemmon, \$5; Prof. Thomas R. Price, \$5; R. U. Johnson, \$5; Frank H. Scott, \$5; C. F. Chichester, \$5; Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, \$5; Prof. George E. Woodberry, \$5; R. W. Gilder, \$15; Helena de Kay Gilder, \$5; E. C. Stedman, \$15; Laura H. Stedman, \$5; T. W. Higginson, Cambridge, Mass., \$5; 'C. H. G.', Marietta, O., \$25; T. B. Aldrich, Boston, \$15. Total, \$204. Further contributions are solicited, and may be sent to any one of the undersigned American members of the Committee:—T. B. Aldrich, 59 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.; R. W. Gilder, 33 East 17th Street, New York City; E. C. Stedman, 66 Broadway, New York City.

A Memorial to Keats

THE FOLLOWING CIRCULAR has recently been issued:—

'When a great poet has gone from earth, the beauty and victory of his own work build his best monument. The sort of honor which the world then gives, is, so to speak, wrung from it, compelled alike as tribute from friend and foe. But there is a chance for service more intimate and tender. Any one may buy, read, worship a book: it is reserved for the affectionate few to raise the headstone, and keep the mound green.

Since Keats left England to die, there has never been upon her soil the slightest memorial to his character or genius. Now, however, admirable wall-space has been secured in the parish church of Hampstead, London, N. W., through the kindness of the present Vicar, the Rev. Mr. Burnaby; and here it is proposed that the sympathetic portrait-bust by Miss Anne Whitney, supported by a bracket designed by Will H. Low, Esq., be erected solely by Americans. This church is a most fitting place for such a memento, since it was in Hampstead that Keats made his last English home, from the spring of 1817, with slight interruptions, until his departure for Italy, in the autumn of 1820: here it was that George Keats left his two brothers, in 1818, to sail for America; and here at the end of the same year the younger of them died; here the poet "domesticated" with his ever-devoted friend, Charles Armitage Brown; here he met and loved Fanny Brawne; and here, too, under the still-spreading branches of his friend's garden was written the imperishable "Ode to the Nightingale."

It is believed there are a few Americans who will be glad to join in a movement which does not appeal to public gratitude, but rather to private remembrance. Already, as a nation, or as individuals, we have done graceful things on English ground for Raleigh, for Milton, and for Shakespeare. There is no debate as to values or expedients, in this case: The matter is laid before

those only who will need no argument in order to see their way clear to a kindness which is itself a privilege to the giver. Such is the feeling already generously expressed by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Mrs. Annie Fields, Dr. Thomas W. Parsons, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Esq., and Richard Watson Gilder, Esq. Will you also help to place on marble the name

Not writ but rumoured in water,

as Rossetti so beautifully said of it, and to lift up once more that masterful young head in the happy Hampstead which he loved?

'The amount needed cannot at present be exactly estimated, but in addition to what has already been subscribed, three hundred dollars is supposed to be sufficient to cover the entire expense. Within a year, it is hoped, visitors to England will find in its place this added testimony of thanksgiving for our inherited literature. Contributions may be sent to any of the following:—Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, Shady Hill, Cambridge, Mass.; Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, Auburndale, Mass.; Fred Holland Day, Esq., Norwood, Mass.

William Watson's Insanity

A FRIEND of the insane poet, William Watson, writes to the London *Times* that the excessive use of chloral for insomnia was the immediate cause of the poet's insanity. 'Knowing Mr. Watson's temperament, I have strong hopes of his recovery,' the writer adds.

Mr. Harold Fredrick cabled thus to the New York *Times* of last Sunday:—'Poor William Watson's attack of insanity, following so closely on the heels of Gladstone's gift to him from the royal bounty, takes all the bitterness out of the emotions with which contemporary poets and other young writers about London had regarded his sudden good fortune. Oddly enough, I heard just what has happened predicted only a day or two before the Windsor episode. He is a short, dark young man, with a large head and face, recalling the youth of John T. Hoffman, and a shy, cold manner, which kept him from making friends. It is said to be likely that the present derangement will prove only temporary, and that he is already getting better. What he did was really no wilder than many actions of Swinburne's younger days or of Rossetti's later years. The whole affair has produced general expressions of sympathy.'

A well-known young poet of this city writes to us in this connection:—'The insinuations made by our newspapers' English correspondents, that "success and flattery had turned his head," are about as cruel as can be. The head that could conceive "Lachrymæ Musarum," and the poems associated with it in Watson's recent volume, is not the kind that is turned by either success or flattery. Of the English poets who are writing to-day he has shown himself to be one of the most (if not the most) genuine and thoughtful, and one whose work inspired thoughtfulness in his readers. This great calamity which has come to him is a calamity to poetic literature. The little that he has done is pure, beautiful and noble, and is great enough to keep his name secure. Let us hope that rest and quiet may restore him to health. Of all the possible Laureates, he easily stood first.'

"The Professor's Love-Story"

ALTHOUGH 'The Professor's Love-Story' of Mr. J. M. Barrie, which has been played during this week at the Star Theatre, is much above the ordinary level of so-called modern comedy, so far as its literary and imaginative qualities are concerned, and is filled, moreover, with rare and delicate humor, it is, nevertheless, somewhat of a disappointment on account of the crudity of its construction, its improbable and unsatisfactory story and the utter falsity of some of its principal personages. The charm of the piece is centred in the Professor himself and three Scotch domestics, all of whom are drawn with delightful freshness and truth, while the other characters, supposed to represent the society of the day, are, for the most part, as shallow and unreal as anything to be found in contemporary farce or melodrama.

Prof. Goodwillie, who is the hero of the tale, is a young man made prematurely old by intense devotion to scientific studies. When the play opens he is supposed to have won fame and fortune by his discoveries in electricity, and to be the object of much interest to match-hunters, especially a young widow of the neighborhood, who is laying all kinds of traps for his capture. Meanwhile, without being in the least aware of the fact, he has fallen desperately in love with a charming woman whom he has engaged as his secretary, and is utterly unable to account for his inability to work, his unrest and distraction and a general sense of everything gone wrong in the world. His doctor, after much futile blundering, hits upon the truth, and tells him that he is a

victim of the tender passion, whereupon, after a fit of anger and denial, he resolves to flee from all temptation, and hurries away from London to the far North to rejoin his maiden sister, not forgetting to take his pretty Secretary along with him. This is one of the most genuinely comic incidents of the play, and brings the first act to a very effective conclusion. In the second act the Professor is brought to a realization of the true state of his case by the miscarriage of a little plot laid for him by the pursuing widow, and remains in the seventh heaven of delight for a few brief hours, until his sister interferes to rescue him, as she believes, from an adventuress. The finest scene of the play occurs in the third act, where the Professor, rejuvenated and rehumanized by his experience, but convinced that the girl does not really love him after all, offers to release her, forcing a smile to hide the torture at his heart. This episode is treated with very great skill and, on the first night, made a profound impression upon the audience. In the end, of course, the Professor is made happy.

The character of Goodwillie, with the exception of some foolish exaggerations, is charmingly and naturally drawn, and is played by Mr. Willard with a wonderful variety of humor, the most artistic consistency, and occasionally, especially in the scene in the third act, to which special allusion has been made, with the truest pathos. The individuality of the man is marked by a thousand little devices of voice, gesture and expression, which create a perfect illusion, and furnish the most convincing proof of the player's rare intelligence and versatility. This performance, at least, is a genuine work of art. The Scotch servants, too, are capably played by Royce Carleton, F. H. Tyler and Emma Rivers. They are perfect types, whose truth is apparent at a glance. The other characters are in the hands of capable performers; but, as has been said, they are utterly conventional, tiresome and false, and move in circumstances of no interest.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

OF THE new edition of Quevedo Villegas's 'Pablo de Segovia,' Mr. Harold Frederic says in the *Times*:—

A copy of the handsome new volume of 'Pablo de Segovia,' by Quevedo Villegas, with Vierge's remarkable illustrations and an introduction by Joseph Pennell, in which the latter characteristically runs afloat of everything from Raphael's shoddy commercialism down to modern British draughtsmanship, was sent to the Queen at Windsor a few weeks ago. It was returned the other day with a note from Holmes, the Royal Librarian, saying that the Queen had long been familiar with Vierge's drawings, which she admired, but that a book with such an introduction would be out of place in the Royal Library. Pennell has been growing fatter and younger under the storm of press attacks which this introduction of his has evoked; but his delight at being slapped at from the very throne itself literally knows no bounds.

—Mr. F. Edwin Elwell, the sculptor, has been awarded the contract for an equestrian statue of Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, to be erected on the battlefield of Gettysburg, for which he will receive \$22,000. Mr. Elwell made a bust of Vice-President Morton at his summer residence at Sandwich, Mass., last summer.

—Mr. Franklin W. Smith, who has been laboring for years to secure the establishment of a National Gallery of History and Art to occupy some seventy acres in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home at Washington, has been lecturing on the subject before the Boston Art Club, the Maryland Institute of Baltimore, the Drexel Institute of Philadelphia, and the Brooklyn Institute, and on Friday evening of last week delivered his lecture before an attentive audience at 9 University Place, this city. The address was given under the auspices of a number of the best-known citizens of New York. Mr. Smith thinks that if Congress will allot the desired site he can at once procure the \$500,000 needed to begin the work he desires to see accomplished. This would leave only \$9,500,000 to be raised by popular subscription.

—Eyre & Spottiswoode of London have secured permanent injunctions restraining the *Recorder* and the American Lithographic Co. from reproducing and selling an engraving entitled 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' by Charles J. Tompkins, an English engraver. This is said to be the first decree entered under the International Copyright law.

Boston's "Literary Supremacy"

[The Boston Globe.]

I AM ASKED to write upon the question, 'Whether Boston is Losing Its Literary Supremacy.' Frankly, I must say that the question does not much interest me. We are a nation, not a mere series of States or cities. What we need is a strong and living literature. The more widely this spreads over the continent, the better. In what State or city it is produced, this seems to me as unimportant

as to know in what particular corner of his farm a farmer raises those particularly fine apples. That he raises them somewhere is the point of essential interest.

But as any matter of fact has a certain value, it may be well to reproduce some statistics which appeared, a few years since, in *The Nation* and *The Critic*, bearing on this point. Both of these are New York journals and not, presumably, under any bias towards Boston or Massachusetts. *The Nation* in the first place took three books on 'Famous American Authors' and the like which had recently appeared, and analyzed their statistics as to birth and residence. One of these books was prepared in Boston by Mr. W. H. Rideing, an Englishman; another in New York by the editors of *The Critic*; and the third in Ohio by Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton.

The result of the inquiry was to discover 'that the headquarters of our literature still remains very much, as of old, in Massachusetts, New York and Connecticut' (*Nation* L.I., 150). Not content with this, *The Nation* took a so-called 'American Academy,' consisting of forty authors of the male sex, selected through post-office ballot by the readers of *The Critic*. That this list had no Massachusetts bias is evident from the fact that the most eminent of American historians, Parkman, stood at the foot, with the editor of the New York *Sun* far above him. But, taking it as it stood in August, 1890—after some deaths and substitutions—the following were found to be the statistics of the favored forty, as to birth and residence:—

BIRTH		
Massachusetts,	17	New Jersey,
New York,	6	Georgia,
Connecticut,	5	Louisiana,
Pennsylvania,	3	Ohio,
New Hampshire,	2	Missouri,
Rhode Island,	1	Hawaii,
RESIDENCE		
Massachusetts,	14	England,
New York,	9	District of Columbia,
Connecticut,	7	Michigan,
New Jersey,	2	Georgia,
Pennsylvania,	2	Italy,

The Nation (L.I. 150) gives the names under each head; and calls attention to the fact that 14 out of the 40 are Harvard graduates.

Not content with this, when *The Critic* supplemented its masculine 'Academy' by the selection, through a similar ballot, of 40 women, *The Nation* made a similar analysis, with the following result:—

BIRTH		
Massachusetts,	11	Ohio,
New York,	7	Tennessee,
Connecticut,	4	Virginia,
Pennsylvania,	4	Missouri,
Maine,	3	Kentucky,
New Hampshire,	2	North Carolina,
England,	2	Michigan,
RESIDENCE		
Massachusetts,	12	Missouri,
New York,	11	Virginia,
Europe,	3	Iowa,
District of Columbia,	2	Rhode Island,
Connecticut,	2	Idaho,
Pennsylvania,	2	Louisiana,
Mississippi,	2	

It will be seen that these tables, certainly free from any New England bias, confirm the conclusion previously drawn by *The Nation* from other sources; and seem to indicate that the leadership in our literature still lies in the following order:—Massachusetts, New York, Connecticut. But I venture to renew the opinion that this is not, after all, a fact of more than secondary importance.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

Interesting in this connection was a paper read at a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, a year ago. Mr. R. C. Winthrop, Jr., in the absence of the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who had hoped to be present in person, read a communication, suggested by some striking predictions as to the future of American literature contained in the letters of Horace Walpole, which had been remarkably fulfilled in the speeches and writings of Webster, Everett, Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell and others. At the conclusion of his very interesting paper, Mr. Winthrop wrote:—

'Meantime Massachusetts may justly be proud that if an

Augustan age has really come on this side of the Atlantic, and almost gone, her own contributions to it have been so notable. Of the most eminent literary celebrities who have been named, with the exception of Cooper and Irving, the birthplace was in New England. Most of them were born in Massachusetts, though only two or three of them, I believe, in Boston. But neither our city nor State, nor our country at large, has yet exhibited any disposition to signalize this memorable period or those who have made it so memorable. Our statues and monuments have thus far been reserved for heroes and statesmen. Is there no marble in the quarries, no bronze at the foundries, for our literary celebrities? The Memorial Hall at Cambridge is doing something in this line. A special wing of the Boston Art Museum might be appropriated for Massachusetts or New England worthies. But somewhere or somehow Horace Walpole's Augustan Age on this side of the Atlantic should not fail to be commemorated. Walpole spoke only of Boston and New York, and thus no reference has been made to other parts of our country. But there are writers of Virginia and Maryland, the Carolinas and other States who justly claim recognition, and should there not be a national gallery at Washington spacious enough for the eminent men, literary as well as military or political, of all parts of the Union?'

Current Criticism

COMMON-SENSE ABOUT TOBACCO.—Men have at all times eagerly sought for substances that would act on their nervous system. The tendency is general, and is exclusively human. To escape real life and the drudgery of daily occupations, to live in dream-land, in an ideal world which the imagination can people at its will, and can embellish with its illusions, have irresistible charms to some minds. In obedience to this dangerous seduction they involuntarily seek the dreams of opium and hashish, the intoxication of ether and chloral, or the grosser drunkenness of alcohol. The weak yield unresistingly to their inclination, and pass into the degrading excesses which I have reviewed. Tobacco offers no such seductions and is attended with no such dangers. Its action on the nervous system is weak and wholly special. It does not put to sleep, but it calms and mollifies the sensibility of the organs. It causes an agreeable torpor, during which thought continues lucid, and the capacity for work is not diminished. Such is the attraction it exercises, and which causes it to be sought for by so many thinkers and students. Tobacco is to them a help in mental labor. When fatigue begins and the need of a moment's rest is felt; when the thought fails to present itself with the usual exactness, and the mind hesitates over the shape to give it, the student, writer, or investigator stops, lights his pipe, and soon, by favor of this pleasant narcotic, the thought appears clear and limpid through the bluish cloud in which the smoker has enveloped himself.

I should make a wrong impression if I left it to be believed that I thought tobacco necessary to mental labor. It becomes so only for those who have contracted the habit of using it, and they can divorce themselves from it without losing their capacity. As a whole, tobacco is harmless to the mind, but it may have a mischievous influence on the health, and may cause serious diseases. We should not advise any one to use it, and should try to keep women and children from doing so.—*Jules Rochard, in The Popular Science Monthly.*

SOME AMERICAN SHORT STORIES.—The short story descriptive of character is undoubtedly a form of fiction about which we have much to learn from the Americans. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's stories yield to none for power and pithiness in narrating a striking incident, but we must go to France or to America for tales which, while giving a casual scene, almost devoid of incident, in a man's career, seem to give the clue whereby we may read his whole life-story. This power of giving interest to the commonplace and of bringing out the poetry latent in every-day occurrences is strikingly illustrated in Hawthorne, Mr. Henry James, and Miss Wilkins, and, though not to be put in the same category as these, Mr. Hibbard follows with some success in their footsteps. 'The Governor,' 'A Matter of Fact,' and 'The End of the Beginning,' are the stories with the least amount of incident, and they are the most successful in the book. The second is far the best; the quiet subtlety with which the humorous side of the scholar's meanness is unfolded is admirable. The last, which is a conversation of a man with the ghost of his youthful days, shows some of Hawthorne's convincing manner of suggesting impossibilities. The effect of the stories is assisted by a style generally good and forcible. A new volume of Miss Wilkins's exquisite tales is to be welcomed with the sincerest pleasure. It is concerned exclusively with old women and small children of about eight: subjects sufficiently unpromising to anybody without Miss

Wilkins's delicate touch and direct simplicity. In fact, the secret of her charm lies in this artful simplicity of the style: the stories in themselves are naught; they interest because of the dramatic baldness of narrative, as it might almost be called, which represents so unflatteringly the commonplace characters with which they deal.—*The Athenaeum*.

Notes

THE first performance of the Theatre of Arts and Letters was given on Friday evening of last week at Proctor's Theatre. The plays were 'Drifting,' a one-act sketch by Emma Sheridan Fry and Evelyn Sutherland, and 'Mary Maberly,' a 'dramatic impression' in four acts, by J. S. Stimson ('J. S. of Dale'). Dorothy Dene, a London actress of some reputation, and Eben Plympton were the principal 'professionals' in the cast. Neither play did much towards adding lustre to their writer's names, though that of the two ladies had the merit of brevity. The audience, which was large, and made up in equal parts of literature and fashion, enjoyed itself, if it did not enjoy the plays, and had the satisfaction of knowing that its intentions were well meant, if the initial performance of their Society was not all that could have been wished.

—D. Appleton & Co. announce a steady demand for 'The Memorial Volume on the Centennial of Washington's Inauguration,' which has been so favorably noticed by the press in this country and in England. As soon as the edition of one thousand copies is exhausted the plates of the book will be destroyed.

—Macmillan & Co. will publish in February a new novel from the pen of Mr. F. Marion Crawford, called 'Children of the King.' It is a tale of Southern Italy—that part of the land in which the author has made his home. 'The Children of the King' has not been published serially, but Mr. Crawford has given certain chapters from it at his 'readings.' Macmillan & Co. have arranged for a complete edition of Mr. Crawford's novels, including 'To Leeward,' 'A Roman Singer,' 'An American Politician' and 'Paul Patoff,' hitherto published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—*The English Illustrated Magazine* has been sold by Macmillan & Co. to Edward Arnold & Co., who will assume its English publication in March. The American publication will continue with Macmillan & Co. until the end of January, 1893.

—In May, 1891, an Edinburgh collector had a public sale of his treasures, the most remarkable feature of which was the very low prices which they brought. In August last he was rash enough to send to an Ayrshire paper copies of two unpublished poems of Robert Burns, the originals of which he declared to have been in his possession for twenty-five years. One was entitled the 'Poor Man's Prayer,' and was discovered by the *Evening Despatch* to have been printed in the *London Magazine* for 1766, when Burns was only seven years old. This resulted in the exposure of the wholesale manufacturing of rare autographs, and doubt has been thrown upon the authenticity of certain manuscripts which are of almost priceless value if genuine.

—President Low of Columbia announced the other day that he had just received, unasked, a gift of \$10,000 for the college library—\$5000 to be expended in books for the biological department, and \$5000 for books in the department of history. He refused to divulge the name of the donor.

—The following despatch was published in this city last Saturday:—

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 16.—The sale of Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter' has had a remarkable run in this city for some time, and many attribute it to the recent repeated agitations regarding the social evil problem. The store windows are ablaze with scarlet bound copies of 'The Scarlet Letter' placed on sale at prices which began at \$1. Then the book dropped to 89 cents, to 60 cents, and then to 50 cents. About this time the correspondence between the United Presbyterian ministers, Mayor Gourley and Chief Brown concerning the closing of the places of ill repute absorbed public attention, and the work of Hawthorne became a drug on the market. To start up the sale again a mercantile house that had been quietly dropping its prices to meet those of other firms put the price of the book down to 30 cents and sold a great many copies at that price. Then all dealers began to cut on this particular book, and it was advertised on successive days at 20 cents, 10 cents, 10 cents, 8 cents, and yesterday at 2 cents. The copies purchased yesterday at 2 cents were just as good as those sold two months ago at \$1. The announcement of a cut to a two-cent basis almost caused a riot. The people flocked to procure a copy of this American classic. Business was practically suspended in the store where the offer was made because of the crowds, and at 2 o'clock to-day, after 2000 copies were sold, and 1000 still in stock, the sale had to be stopped and the police called in to scatter the mob. Then business was resumed.

—It is not without a smile of satisfaction that *The Athenaeum* publishes the following note:—

M. Flammermont, a professor of history at Lille, has put out a pamphlet on the authenticity of the Talleyrand 'Memoirs,' in which he proves that there was an original on which M. de Bacourt worked, and that in a previous work the latter had completely altered letters which affected the character of Talleyrand, omitting, for example, such choice morsels as 'The Bishop of Autun is a scoundrel who would do anything for money,' and substituting in some passages words of his own. It is therefore at least likely that M. de Bacourt altered Talleyrand's original memoirs and then destroyed them. The Duc de Broglie's attempt to prove the historical value of the work published by him has fallen to the ground, and the 'Memoirs' of Talleyrand become of not more value than those of Fouché. *The Athenaeum* all along pointed out that they were by far less interesting and far less truthful than the volumes of Talleyrand's letters published by M. Pailain.

—At the sale of the Brayton Ives collection, in March, 1891, a large number of books was bought by John Pierce, a well-informed bookseller in Nassau Street. When Mr. Pierce failed, some time ago, an injunction restrained the auctioneer from putting up several of these books, and the fact came out that they still belonged to Mr. Ives. Ten books from the Ives library that had passed through Pierce's hands were sold by the Sheriff last Friday, at Topping's auction-rooms, and brought, altogether, \$55. They were worth at least \$250, but the sale was miserably mismanaged.

—Mrs. James Grant, widow of the author of 'The Romance of War,' and other novels which had great popularity two decades ago, has just died in London. She was a daughter of Dr. James Browne, advocate, author of a 'History of the Highlands,' and was well-known in Edinburgh, where she had a large circle of friends. She leaves an only son, the Rev. Roderick Grant.

—M. George Hachette, son and successor of the founder of the Maison Hachette in Paris, died last week, at the age of a little less than four-and-fifty years. He was a graduate of the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, an officer of the Legion of Honor, a Judge of the Tribunal du Commerce and the adviser of every Minister of Public Instruction in France. He published, from 1867 to 1878, 1660 volumes, and then established a branch house in London to increase his work. He issued in serial form 'Les Grands Ecrivains de la France,' 'La Bibliothèque des Merveilles,' 'La Bibliothèque Rose,' the 'Guides-Joannes,' the geographical works of Vivian de Saint-Martin, Elysée Reclus, and others; the travels of the famous explorers and discoverers; the dictionaries of Littré, Bouillet, Lalande, Baillon, Wurtel, Vapereau and Daremberg and Saglio. He had the monopoly of railway-station libraries, and exercised over them a vigorous but enlightened censorship.

—*The Home and Country Magazine* makes a decided step forward, in its January number, which bears every mark of prosperity. The impending reconstruction of the periodical was not announced in advance, the publisher preferring, so he declares, to wait till he could present the thing to the public as a 'fait accompli.'

—The death of Sir Richard Owen, cabled from London on Sunday last, removes one of the most eminent scientific men of this century—one who had received many distinguished honors during his long, busy and useful life. He was the author of innumerable books, including 'The Nature of Limbs,' 'Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy of the Invertebrate Animals,' 'History of British Fossil Reptiles,' 'The Gorilla,' 'The Dodo,' 'The Fossil Reptiles of South Africa' and 'The Antiquity of Man.' Sir Richard was born on July 20, 1804, but retained his faculties almost unimpaired till a very short time ago.

—The Secretary of the Russian Legation at Washington has written for *The Century* 'A Defense of Russia' against foreign criticism provoked by her treatment of the Jews, and other matters relative to her internal administration.

—The inventory of Mr. Whittier's estate filed at the Probate Court at Salem, Mass., on Monday, shows the amount to be \$133,729, of which \$8500 is real estate at Amesbury. The personal property is largely in stocks and bonds. The household furniture is appraised at \$1000; portraits and pictures, \$975; copyright of 'Child Life in Prose,' 'Songs of Three Centuries' and 'Child Life,' \$500; all other copyrights, \$5000.

—Mr. John H. Boner, author of a notable poem on Poe, has resigned the literary editorship of the *New York World*.

—The ten-volume edition of 'The Writings of Thomas Jefferson,' just beginning to appear from the Knickerbocker Press, edited by Paul Leicester Ford and containing much new matter, will be limited to 750 sets printed from type. G. P. Putnam's Sons announce that the companion editions of Franklin and Hamilton were exhausted before the demand for them had been fully met.

—Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson has written a story with the title 'Under Sentence of the Law.' The hero is a dog condemned to death by a court of law in Switzerland, but preserved by petition of the villagers to suffer perpetual muzzlement.

—Mr. Rudyard Kipling will contribute a new story of Mulvaney's prowess to *Two Tales* of Dec. 24. It is called 'My Lord the Elephant.'

—The Hon. A. A. Low of Brooklyn has presented to the Public Library of Salem, Mass., \$500 to be invested in books. Two years ago Mr. Low presented the Library with \$500. He is a native of Salem, and in 1878 gave the city \$5000, the income to be utilized in assisting young men in college. He has since added \$15,000 to the fund.

—Contrary to what is supposed by many, Ernest Renan has left little money to his family, and Mme. Renan intends to sell his library at the beginning of the year, while awaiting the national pension which will probably be granted her. M. Berthelot, a life-long friend, is quoted by the Paris correspondent of the London *Telegraph* as saying that as a professor of the College of France, Renan had about \$2000 a year, from which five per cent. was deducted in order to form a pension. As director of the establishment he had \$400 yearly and rooms, \$400 also as fees for attending committees, and \$300 for attendance at the Institute of France. On the whole, M. Berthelot estimates that his official emoluments amounted to \$3000 a year. He had sold all rights in his literary works to his publishers, and had to live for many years on what he earned by writing.

—President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University is seeking endowments for medical and electricity schools, and funds for the erection of a building in which to store the geological and mineralogical collection and for scholarships.

—*Notes and Queries* (London) is publishing a bibliography of Mr. Gladstone's writings between 1827 and Dec., 1892. The first instalment reaches the year 1863.

—The resignation of the Rev. William E. Griffis, D.D., of the pastorate of the Shawmut Church, Boston, has finally been accepted; but Dr. Griffis will continue to supply the pulpit for a few months. The secular press declares it a misfortune to the West End to let him go. He is a popular author and an able preacher, and will doubtless soon be called to fill a new and fitting pastorate.

—At the tenth annual convention of the Modern Language Association at Columbian University, Washington, D. C., on Dec. 28, 29 and 30, President Francis A. March will make an address, entitled 'Recollections of Language Teaching.' Seventeen other papers of more or less general interest are announced.

—It is said that shortly after the new year a monthly magazine will be published by the new proprietors of *The Pall Mall Gazette*. Lord Frederick Hamilton is talked of as the editor.

—Prof. R. S. Poole of the British Museum cables the Rev. Dr. W. C. Winslow of Boston that Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has been unanimously elected to the (only) Honorary Vice-Presidency of the Egypt Exploration Fund, in succession to Mr. Lowell and Mr. Curtis.

—Mr. Henry H. Rogers, of 26 East 57th Street, this city, in behalf of his son, Henry H. Rogers, Jr., and his daughters, Miss Mary H. Rogers, Mrs. Carra Rogers-Duff and Mrs. Anne E. Rogers-Benjamin, has presented to the town of Fairhaven, Conn., a deed of trust of the Millicent Library, named for a deceased sister of the donors. The library is to be cared for without expense to the town, a fund having been established for the purpose. The building is said to have cost over \$100,000, and will contain about 6000 volumes. The principal figure in the memorial window represents Shakespeare. There are three smaller figures representing Poetry, Tragedy and Comedy. The face of the muse of poetry was drawn from a portrait of Miss Millicent G. Rogers, to whose memory the library is dedicated. At each side of the window are panels bearing the names of English and American poets.

—Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, of Remington Typewriter fame, have helped the World's Fair and incidentally advertised their own business in a legitimate way by paying \$10,000 for the first of the Columbian souvenir silver half-dollars coined at the Philadelphia Mint.

—At the Century Club, last Saturday evening, Mr. Parke Godwin delivered a memorial address upon Mr. Curtis. President-elect Cleveland, ex-Postmaster-General Dickinson and Senator Vilas were amongst those who heard it.

—Mr. Poultney Bigelow will tell in the January *Harper's* 'Why We Left Russia.' 'We' (Mr. Bigelow and Mr. Frederic Remington, who illustrates the verbal explanation) left for the simple reason that they had to: they were 'shooed' out by an inhospitable government.

—Among the papers announced to be read at the fourth annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society in Boston and Cambridge next week are Miss Abby Langdon Alger, Boston, Mass., 'Survival of Fire-sacrifice among Indians in Maine'; Mrs. Fanny D. Bergen, Cambridge, Mass., 'Animal and Plant Weather Proverbs'; Dr. Franz Boas, Chicago, Ill., 'Doctrine of Souls among the Chinook'; Prof. Henry Carrington Bolton, New York, N. Y., 'A Modern Oracle and its Prototypes'; Dr. A. F. Chamberlain, Clark University, Worcester, Mass., 'Christ in Folk-Lore'; Rev. J. Owen Dorsey, Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, D. C., 'Two Biloxi Tales'; Prof. Adolf Gerber, Earlham College, Richmond, Ind., 'The Relation of the Tales of Uncle Remus to the Animal Stories of other Countries'; Mr. George Bird Grinnell, New York, N. Y., 'Pawnee Mythology'; Mr. H. R. Kidder, Cambridge, 'Chippewa Tale of the End of Hiawatha'; Mr. George F. Kunz, New York, N. Y., 'Folk-Lore of Precious Stones'; Prof. Henry R. Läng, Yale College, New Haven, 'Folk-Lore of the Azorian Colonies'; Dr. John Maclean, Macleod, Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada, 'Blackfoot Mythology'; Mr. Henry Mott, Montreal, Canada, 'Medicine Men'; Mr. William Wells Newell, Cambridge, 'Examples of Forgery in Folk-Lore'; Prof. D. P. Penhallow, McGill University, Montreal, Can., 'Customs and Traditions of the Ainos of Japan (with lantern illustrations)'; and Mr. Archibald R. Tisdale, Cambridge, 'Tales of the Abenakis.'

Publications Received

[RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

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| Balzac, H. de. <i>The Chouans</i> . Tr. by K. P. Wormeley. \$1.50. | Boston: Roberts Bros. |
| Carus, P. <i>Truth in Fiction</i> . \$1. | Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. |
| Cheney, E. D. <i>Life of Christian Daniel Rauch</i> . \$3. | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Dumas, A. <i>Episodes from Monte Cristo</i> . Part II. Ed. by D. B. Kitchin. 40c. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Dumas, A. <i>Episodes from Le Capitaine Pamphile</i> . Ed. by E. E. Morris. 40c. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Edwards, M. B. <i>Romance of a French Parsonage</i> . \$1.25. | Lovell, Gestefeld & Co. |
| Gestefeld, U. N. <i>A Modern Catechism</i> . 25c. | Lovell, Gestefeld & Co. |
| Giles, F. R. <i>The Mysterious Mr. Jarvis</i> . W. D. Rowland. | |
| Home and Haunts of Shakespeare. Sections XIII, XIV, XV. \$1.50 per Sec. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Johnson, R. U. <i>The Winter Hour, and Other Poems</i> . Century Co. | |
| May, S. <i>Her Friend's Lover</i> . 50c. | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Melville, H. <i>White Jacket; or, The World in a Man-of-War</i> . \$1.50. | U. S. Book Co. |
| Melville, H. <i>Moby-Dick</i> . \$1.50. | U. S. Book Co. |
| Merlan, R. N. <i>Nuggets for Thought</i> . Worcester: G. O. Davis. | |
| Merriman, E. W. <i>The Conways</i> . \$1.25. | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Mitchell, S. W. <i>Francis Drake</i> . \$1.25. | Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Mitchell, S. W. <i>The Mother, and Other Poems</i> . \$1.25. | Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Montaigne, M. <i>Essays of</i> . First Book. Tr. by J. Florio. Ed. by G. Saintsbury. London: David Nutt. | |
| Norris, W. E. <i>His Grace</i> . \$1.25. | U. S. Book Co. |
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